PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

BERNARD SHAW on WELLS and STALIN

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. VIII. No. 193 (New Series) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 609
AN ARMS INQUIRY? 612
THE STALIN-WELLS CONVERSATION:
I. A Comment by Bernard Shaw . . . 613
II. A Comment by Ernst Toller . . . 614
A LONDON DIARY 615
THIS ENGLAND 617
FRENCH POLITICS. By Robert Dell 617
WHAT DOES IT MATTER. By Y. Y. 619
CORRESPONDENCE 620
From P. Soper; Diehard; Michael Pease; Dr. Cecile Booysen; Ex-Theatre-Sister; Janet Chance; Pamela Diamand; E. H. Bartlett; Wm. K. Primrose; David Mitrany; G. E. L.; Ida Smedley MacLean.
THE STRICKEN GROVE. By A. L. Rowse . . . 622
THE PROBLEM OF CRITICISM. By W. J. Turner . 622
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 623
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 625
REVIEWS:
The Morale of Passchendaele. By Kingsley Martin 626
Charles James Fox. By P. Quennell . . . 626
What Greece's Glory Was. By A. W. Lawrence 628
Climbing. By H. E. Bates 628
The Eternal Schoolboy. By K. John . . . 630
The Gap in the Frontier 632
Mr. Brown's Circus 634
M. Herriot's Visit to Russia 634
SHORTER NOTICES 634
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Constant Lambert . . 636
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 638
CROSSWORD 642
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 644

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Sedition Bill has had the very satisfactory result of showing that determination to preserve and increase popular liberties is not confined to any one social class or political party in this country. It has shown, too, that a popular agitation, if intelligently led, has still power to affect a reactionary Government. It is true, no doubt, that the Government had not its heart in this Bill; it may be true, as we have been told, that it was a "try on" by Scotland Yard and the Service Departments which slipped through the Cabinet in a moment of absence of mind. But the Government would never have accepted these drastic amendments if it had had no more than House of Commons opposition. If the Bill is an ass when once it was a lion that is due to the combined work of distinguished lawyers like Sir William Holdsworth, of independent Conservative, Liberal and Labour politicians, of church dignitaries like the Bishop of Birmingham, of distinguished writers like Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Priestley and Mr. E. M. Forster, and of religious organisations like the Society of Friends. It is a notable and happy augury for the future that the Council for Civil Liberties has been able to bring together, on a single united platform, representatives of all these organisations, and been able to persuade the Government of the wisdom of accepting some of the amendments it has urged.

The Bill in the House

When the Bill goes to the House of Lords there will still be plenty of "improvements" for Lord Buckmaster and other champions of freedom to achieve. But at least one really important amendment has been accepted by the Attorney-General during the final debates in the Commons. We shall not get pettifogging persecution and insolent searching of innocent people's houses if the police can only obtain a search warrant from a Judge in Chambers. This is a very different proposition from the easy task of finding a couple of panic-stricken local Justices. Miss Rathbone also obtained a useful concession requiring the police to make an inventory of documents taken away in a search. The most sinister aspect of the Bill remains its invitation to printers to exercise a private censorship. We have already seen an example of this at work in anticipation of the Bill. We still hope for the acceptance of Mr. Wilmot's proposal to exempt the printer from the penalty of the publisher's actions. Even so, the Bill still remains objectionable in principle and totally unnecessary. People forget how wide the police powers already are for dealing with sedition. The first clause of the Bill still creates a new and stupid offence and we have here for the first time a measure that brackets together for similar treatment a

member of the Society of Friends, a foreign spy and the publisher of an obscene libel.

National Humbug

The speeches of the three "National" leaders at their luncheon party last Monday were a pretty illustration of that solemn humbug in which British politicians love to indulge themselves. Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin and Sir John Simon all sang the praises of their coalition. The National Government, according to the Prime Minister, is an "embodiment of a philosophy of national unity" and "of the idea of an organic social progress," and there must be no return, as Mr. Baldwin says, to the old party dog fight. This is supremely comic on the morrow of the North Lambeth and Swindon by-elections. Were not these party fights? And what, in the light of Mr. Markham's performance at Lambeth, is the significance of the "National Labour" fraction? It has a baker's dozen of members in this Parliament and every prospect of that number being reduced in the next. The electors of the country are not the complete nitwits that Messrs. Baldwin and MacDonald and Simon appear to think them; they can see that National Labourites and National Liberals are merely limpets on the Tory rock. Their policies, votes and speeches are those of the ordinary Conservative—though Mr. MacDonald, of course, is a philosopher and an orator *sui generis*. His defence of the Sedition Bill last Monday contained this characteristic passage:

> I want to say and let it be known to those who are timorous about liberty, that it is necessary for us now, in view of the example that has been set to us by nation after nation in the world, to take steps to protect our liberties against those who are using the liberty of our liberties to undo that liberty.

The argument is puzzling perhaps. But what of that? The Bill's the thing; it is a sound Tory Bill, and he will see it through.

The Naval Conversations

The triangular naval conversations opened with the expected statement of Japan's claim to equality, and they have got no farther. As yet no memorandum has been submitted, nor will the Japanese disclose the details of their plan until equality is conceded in principle. Enough is known, however, to justify the doubt whether any basis for a conference can be reached. Neither Great Britain nor the United States can concede equality in capital ships, though there are surprising rumours that the Americans might agree to a 5 : 5 : 4 ratio. The Japanese idea of abandoning limitation by categories for all smaller craft and grouping light cruisers, submarines and destroyers within a "global" tonnage total is equally distasteful to both the other Powers. Neither can smile on submarines as "defensive" vessels, nor can the Americans abandon aircraft carriers. Only on one point are the Japanese in line with British policy—in desiring somewhat smaller ships and guns; but here the Americans are opposed. If the Washington treaty disappears with its 5 : 5 : 3 ratio, so also does the veto on the fortification of certain American and British possessions.

Manchurian Oil

Meanwhile, Japan has disconcerted her admirers abroad by a bare-faced proposal to establish an oil monopoly in Manchukuo. This scheme, on the face of it, would eliminate British, American and Dutch interests, and leave the Japanese in complete command of supplies which their militarists would, no doubt, find eminently useful for their designs. It was naturally denounced at once as a violation of the Treaties that guarantee the "Open Door," and strong protests have been sent to Tokio from Washington, London and Amsterdam. The familiar dodge of pretending that Manchukuo is an independent sovereign State obviously would not work in this case, and the Japanese Government have issued a "clarifying" statement declaring that "equal opportunity will be scrupulously observed," and explaining in some detail how their proposal is not going to interfere with anybody's interests. But this can hardly be said to dispose of the matter. And, if and when it is disposed of, perhaps it will still leave some salutary doubts in the minds of those who cherish the notion of a mutually advantageous Anglo-Japanese bargain. There was a popular couplet long ago:

> In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little and asking too much.

The Japanese have improved on that. Their policy is to give nothing and take all they can lay their hands on.

Mr. Gandhi and Congress

The annual meeting of the Indian National Congress at Bombay had to acquiesce in Mr. Gandhi's retirement from politics and from its ranks. He leaves it because it has lost faith in civil disobedience, and also because he complains of certain corrupt irregularities in the machine. Before he quitted it, however, he drastically amended its constitution, and in so doing not only bound it once more to his cult of the hand-spindle, but also increased the weight of the villages in its representative basis. He retires, indeed, to organise the villages. The Village Association, to which he will devote himself in future, may be a non-political body in the sense that it does not take part in elections, but it will serve to spread all Mr. Gandhi's peculiar economic and moral doctrines among the peasants. He seems, indeed, to be consolidating the villages against the two urban tendencies to which he is equally opposed, Socialism and capitalist industrialism.

The German Protestant Victory

The Protestant Opposition in Germany, led by the courageous Bishop Meiser of Munich and his colleagues in Hanover and Württemberg, has won a signal victory for freedom of conscience. It was evident for some little time past that Reichsbishop Müller's henchman, Dr. Jäger, was overplaying his hand, and he has now been compelled to resign his functions. On Tuesday a band of Bavarian peasants, all stout Nazis, but also stout upholders of Dr. Meiser, tried to force their way into the Chancellery in Berlin. Herr Hitler did not see them, though he is said to have been impressed by their mission. But he did see the three bishops, and informed them, it seems, that he washed his hands of the whole business; the persecution is called off, and the Evangelical Church is freed from State interference. Hitler has no doubt come to this decision with great reluctance. But it is prudence on his part, and indeed it should pay him, since the great bulk of the German Protestants, so far as we know, have no quarrel with the Nazi regime, provided it keeps its fingers out of the ecclesiastical pie. What will happen

to the Reichsbishop is not yet clear; but possibly his old friendship with the Führer will prevent his humiliation from becoming a complete disgrace.

Unemployment Assistance

The new Unemployment Assistance Board, we understand, has drawn up its scheme, which it must very shortly submit for the approval of Parliament. We have not, of course, seen the scheme, but we can judge from "intelligent anticipations" that there is trouble ahead. The U.A.B. will operate a Means Test, and this will continue to be offensive even if modified. The Board will aim at a greater degree of uniformity in the relief given up and down the country, and this, proper though it may be in principle, seems certain to cause much heartburning in practice. For unless the standard or average scale is generous, it will mean a reduction in many areas of the amounts which are at present being given by the Public Assistance Committees—and which, in face of all the evidence of undernourishment in the families of the unemployed, surely ought not to be reduced. But if the Board goes in for a generous policy, then in many cases the relief would turn out to be higher than wages, not to mention unemployment insurance benefit. This dilemma disturbs even the officials whose business it is to carry out the scheme. But to the politicians who have seats to lose it is a still more serious matter. The Unemployment Act was hailed by the Government both as a great administrative reform and as a boon to millions of the poor. Will it be either?

A Quinquennial Census

We published last week a letter from Professor Bowley urging a quinquennial instead of the present decennial census. This was followed up by a fuller plea from Sir Josiah Stamp in the *Times*. It is of real importance, as he says, that we should have the statistics which the census provides at intervals of five years, for though it is possible to make pretty good guesses at population aggregates for intercensal years, there are other matters of even greater moment, such as distribution by areas, occupation and age, whose changes defy accurate estimation. There is, moreover, a special reason for taking a census in 1936. We are now on the eve of what Sir Josiah terms "the greatest event in the population history of this country." In two or three years we shall reach our peak figure of population, with a gradual decline to follow. The changes in age and occupational distribution which that will involve must have a close bearing on national policy in regard to social services, business and industry. And, in Sir Josiah Stamp's words, "whether we have to get a planned society or not, the dividend of exact social knowledge and hard cash in avoiding mistakes will yield a handsome return upon the cost" of a census in 1936.

Crossing the Street

There are complaints that the new traffic regulations relating to pedestrian crossings, which came into force this week, have led to a general slowing down of traffic, owing to the anxiety of drivers not to be at fault at crossing-points. Others, on the contrary, have reported that bad-mannered motorists are attempting to rush the crossings in defiance of the pedestrian's right of way. Probably there is a certain amount of justice in both allegations, but at present there is little importance in either; the regulations have only been in force since Tuesday, and it takes some time for people to accustom themselves to new habits. The rule giving the pedestrian absolute priority at unregulated crossings is a real gain to the walker, and it is only fair that, given this concession, he should be liable to a fine if he abuses it. The loophole in the regulations is that which leaves him still free not only to cross where he likes, irrespective of beacons, but free of any liability to penalty, however long he takes over it or whatever perils he may put himself or the motorist to through his foolhardiness. No doubt it would be unwise, for the present at all events, to make the use of marked crossings compulsory, but there is a strong case for a propaganda campaign by the Minister to educate the public in the strict observance of the code. One other point is worth attention, and that is the aesthetic aspect of the new beacons. These "blood oranges on barbers' poles," as Mr. Guedalla has called them, are really hideous and a serious defacement of the streets. What has the Office of Works got to say about them?

Middlesex Sets a Good Example

It is excellent news that the Middlesex County Council has decided to invoke the powers conferred upon it by its Act of 1934 in relation to ribbon development. Under the Act, the Council has the right to declare any road or proposed road to which the section applies to be a main thoroughfare, and thereafter it becomes unlawful for anyone to construct or lay out any new street connecting with the thoroughfare without the Council's consent, or to erect any building within 200 feet of the verge. There are adequate—we hope not too adequate—exceptions to avoid cases of hardship, and an aggrieved party may appeal to the Minister of Health. The Council has the right to agree on conditions, or to refuse, but consent must not be unreasonably withheld. It is precluded from refusing consent or imposing conditions where new means of access are reasonably required for agricultural purposes, or where the building owner proposing to erect buildings undertakes to construct a suitable service road in accordance with plans approved by the Council. Among the roads to be scheduled are the extension of the Great West Road from Heston to Feltham, and the Colnbrook, Watford and Barnet Bypasses.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

Next Week's

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

will include a

Literary Supplement

also a comment on the STALIN-WELLS conversation by J. M. KEYNES

AN ARMS INQUIRY?

NEWSPAPER rumour has it that the British Government is proposing to set up an inquiry into the armament industry in this country. We hope that the rumour is untrue. No one who has followed the story of the Senatorial Arms Commission in the United States can believe that an official Inquiry appointed by the National Government with no more than ordinary power could produce a report that was anything better than eye-wash. The result would almost inevitably be an entirely unsatisfactory report, probably reaching the conclusion that apart from certain minor indiscretions we might congratulate ourselves that English firms are not, thank God, like American firms, and that the long story of the bribery, "influence" and secret propaganda which have been rampant in other countries is substantially irrelevant to the methods employed by the English armament manufacturer. It would almost certainly be an inquiry not to elicit the truth, but to reassure a public opinion which has heard enough in the American inquiry to be troubled and not enough as yet to understand the significance of this extraordinary and shameful business.

At this point we can hear outraged murmurs. What right have we to make any such assertions? Are not official inquiries in England usually genuine? Are we not pronouncing a verdict before the trial? The answer is that the influence and ramifications of the armament industry are so extraordinary, that without the special powers afforded to an American senatorial commission any inquiry into the armament industry must necessarily be totally inadequate, if not fraudulent. We may hope that a Labour Government will some day appoint an inquiry with sufficient powers; it would be too much to expect of a Tory Government. There is no precedent for such powers in Royal Commissions or Select Committees. A Senatorial Commission, supplied with ample funds, has the power to appoint a number of expert research workers who enter the offices of the firms involved, take away relevant documents for the purposes of the inquiry, subpoena witnesses and cross-examine them on the basis of these documents. Without this extraordinary authority both the inquiry into the New York banking ramp and its present inquiry into the armament scandal would have been impossible.

This Commission was only set up in the United States after a long and lucky battle. The popular discovery that United States firms, like those of Great Britain and other countries, were sending arms both to China and Japan during the Manchurian dispute, the League report on the Gran Chaco war which declared that that war, which the powers were ostensibly doing their best to stop, could not continue for a day if these same powers refused to allow arms to be exported to the belligerents—discoveries of this kind, combined with the memory of the Shearer case, served to rouse a formidable body of opinion against the armament firms. Even so, it was only after many months of pressure that the inquiry was put through. Senator Nye, at first reluctant, has since carried through the inquiry with the greatest courage and ability, and has earned to his own surprise a popularity and reputation which he could never otherwise have obtained. A resolution for the Commission was finally squeezed through the Senate because its opponents happened to be reading newspapers and did not notice the mumbled words which proposed it. Even so, the inquiry would have been shelved but for the personal intervention of Mr. Roosevelt.

Now that full reports of the evidence presented to the Commission have reached this country, we can appreciate why every effort was made to prevent it. We can do no more here than cite a few examples out of an immense body of evidence, obtained from the armament manufacturers themselves. The familiar charges examined by the League of Nations' sub-committee of 1921, and since scouted by Sir John Simon and Mr. MacDonald, have been proved over and over again. We have numerous instances of the international agreements by apparently rival firms. Like the mediaeval Emperor and Pope, Vickers in England and the Electrical Boat Company in the United States divided the world between them and entered into a complicated arrangement of percentages on business connected with submarine building. Evidence of the ramifications of firms all over the world has been abundant. Numerous examples have been cited of bribery, commission and influence—the three are nicely graduated according to the rank of the official or the degree of civilisation attained by the country in question. Sometimes, as in Peru, it is the son of a deposed dictator who takes thousands of pounds in commission or, as in Bolivia, of a high financial official. There has already been discussion in the House of Commons about Sir Charles Craven's alleged remark that "my friend at the Admiralty will help us, as he tried to get all five submarines for us last year." We have surprising allegations by one firm about another, complaints that "Vickers double-crossed us in Japan," and that "the Vickers crowd are the dirtiest opponents here. They have almost an entire embassy in number working for them and use women of doubtful character freely." There is reiterated evidence that governments directly encourage the export of arms in order that private firms may keep as large an establishment as possible in preparation for war. Thus we have a letter of May 8th, 1928, from the United States' Assistant Secretary of War to the President of the Driggs Company stating that the war department

> would be willing to release to your company the designs of our latest anti-aircraft material with the exception of certain secret portions, provided you had a contract with a foreign government for the production of a quantity of anti-aircraft material which you would agree to manufacture in the United States.

The letter adds that they would not think it worth while to allow these patents to go abroad unless the size of the order was enough to develop the "munition manufacturing capacity" of the plant. The letters of Captain Ball of the Soley Company disclosed the methods by which the remaining war stock of Great Britain has been sold to Latin American countries. It has similarly emerged that triangular selling offers a ready way of getting round prejudices or embargoes against providing belligerents with armaments. So Captain Ball, after pointing out that "palm oil" is always required in transactions of this kind, is quoted as having written:

> We have heard that Bolivia wants anti-aircraft guns quickly, but we do not for a moment think that a shipment or sale to Bolivia could be made direct, while that country is at war. If, however, an American armament firm of some standing bought the guns for eventual re-sale, things might be easier, or if the Colombian Government, who are not at war, bought the guns, they could no doubt have them.

Senator Nye also made the remarkable statement that he possessed documents which showed that Vickers were involved in smuggling aeroplanes into Germany. This would seem an incredible allegation had not Vickers's advertisements in the German military press already been discussed in the House of Commons. How far the allied countries are responsible for the rearming of Germany we cannot yet know, but further evidence of a very striking nature is supplied in a book entitled *Hitler Rearms*, which is just out and which provides the most detailed account of German rearmament that has yet appeared.*

At the end of the first month's sittings Senator Nye remarked that the inquiry has so far only "scratched the surface." We have still to hear during the next months of the relations of arms firms to the press and to government officials. But we have already had enough to prove the main allegations against some of these firms, and we have been regaled with some very instructive incidentals. We find, for instance, that every visit of a royal personage to a small State is regarded by armament firms as an advertisement for their goods. We learn that there has been from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. increase in the sale of "tear" and "vomiting" types of gas for police use against rioters in the United States since the beginning of the textile strike; we learn that in Chile an armament firm has been permitted to use prisoners for experiments in the use of tear gas. We are told that English ambassadors abroad have interested themselves in this business and that a missionary working among the Ecuadorian Indians combined his work for the "Christian Missionary Alliance" with demonstrations of bombing.

> Six or eight Indians showed a desire to follow the Lord and we prayed with them. Yesterday saw the Minister of War again and made arrangements to demonstrate to-day.

Finally, we have learnt that armament agents are sometimes smitten with conscientious scruples. Thus the Commission listened to a letter written from the Argentine by Mr. Frank Jones, representing the Remington Arms Company, to another armament employé. He said:

> Paraguay and Bolivia fracas appears to be coming to a termination. So that business from that end is probably finished. We certainly are in a hell of a business, where a fellow has to wish for trouble in order to make a living.

Even from these haphazard quotations two things should be obvious. The first is that an inquiry is needed in this country just as much as it was in America. The second is that unless this inquiry is armed with extraordinary powers to examine the files not only of the armament firms, but also of Whitehall, it will be worse than useless.

STALIN AND WELLS

I.—A COMMENT BY BERNARD SHAW

[*We publish below a comment on the Stalin-Wells conversation (the verbatim report of which appeared in our issue of October 27th) by G. Bernard Shaw, and a reply to Mr. Wells's remarks about freedom in Russia by Ernst Toller, who was present at the Soviet Writers' Congress to which Mr. Wells referred in his talk with Stalin. Next week we hope to publish further comments, including one by J. M. Keynes.*—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

The conversation, or rather collision, between these two extraordinary men has not told us anything we did not know as to their respective views; but it is entertaining as a bit of comedy; and I suspect it was not lost as such on Stalin; for he is a man with a keen sense of comedy and a very ready and genial laugh. Here are points to be noted and enjoyed.

Stalin listens attentively and seriously to Wells, taking in his pleadings exactly, and always hitting the nail precisely on the head in his reply. Wells does not listen to Stalin: he only waits with suffering patience to begin again when Stalin stops. He thinks he knows better than Stalin all that Stalin knows. He has not come to be instructed by Stalin, but to instruct him. He is going to save the world by Clissoldism. He does not know that Clissold is only the moralised capitalist of Comte, Comte being a back number because he had no better solution of the class war difficulty. Rotary Clubs, founded to organise Clissold, almost instantly became luncheon clubs for men who had never heard of Comte or Clissold or even of H. G. Wells. But H.G., who pays no more attention to Rotary Clubs than to Stalin, and never had, as the Fabians had, to argue with Comtists whilst that species still existed, believes Clissoldism to be the latest thing, and assures Stalin, *sans* tact, that the class war is nonsense.

Stalin, who knows by experience what Clissolds are worth when it comes to the point, politely attempts to put H.G.'s ideas in Marxian order and proportion for him; but H.G., convinced that Stalin is obsessed with a silly formula about the class war, treats his expositions as irrelevant and tedious interruptions, and, dismissing them with a kindly "I agree with much of what you have said," resumes his expatiation on the importance of Clissold.

Stalin, with invincible patience, again gives Wells a lucid elementary lesson in post-Marxian political science. It produces less effect on Wells than water on a duck's back. Before pursuing the thread of his own remarks, he puts Stalin in what he conceives to be his place by the gentle warning "Perhaps I believe more strongly in the economic interpretation of politics than you do." He then reproves Stalin for "approaching these people [the Clissolds] with two-track class-war propaganda," forgetting that Stalin has found it necessary to approach them in two-track form with a job in one hand and a gun in the other. "These people," H.G. declares, forgetting the days when Clissold's name was Ponderevo, "understand the condition of the world. They understand that it is a bloody muddle; but they regard your simple class-war antagonism as nonsense."

Stalin replies, in effect, that this is exactly what is wrong with them, and sorts them out nicely for H.G. But nothing can shake Wells's British conviction that Stalin, being a foreigner, and having never attended a meeting of the Institute of International Affairs in St. James's Square nor read *The Round Table*, has no grasp of the possibilities of Clissoldism and has had his mind destroyed by a malicious degenerate named Marx. To drive this home he makes Clissold, late Ponderevo, suddenly jump into the conversation in a new avatar as Morgan-Rockefeller-Ford. These men could organise. Then why not call them in to co-operate with Stalin? The suggestion is clinched by "It seems to me that I am more to the Left than you, Mr. Stalin."

Stalin gallantly admits that these Clissolds could organize, but adds that the problem is how to organize *them*, which is precisely the problem that the Soviet has successfully solved, though not on a basis of private property, and not in all cases without a gentle but persistent pressure of a pistol muzzle on the Clissold occiput.

And so it went on. It is not literally true that the interview contains no evidence that our dear H. G. possesses a sense of hearing; but I will venture so far as to say that Robert Owens's famous tactic "Never argue: repeat your assertion" has seldom been applied more rigorously than by Wells on this occasion. I enjoy it the more because when I met Stalin the very first thing I noticed about him was that he was a first-rate listener. I never met a man who could talk so well and yet was in less of a hurry to talk than Stalin. Wells is a very good talker; but he is the worst listener in the world. This is fortunate; for his vision is so wide and assured that the slightest contradiction throws him into a blind fury of contemptuous and eloquently vituperative impatience. And to

* *Hitler Rearms.* Edited by Dorothy Woodman. *Lane.* 10s. 6d.

this Stalin might not have been so indulgent as H.G.'s more intimate friends at home.

Stalin gave him one opening. He said:

> What can they [the Clissolds] do, even with the best intentions in the world, if they are unable to raise the question of seizing power, and do not themselves possess power? At best they can help the class which takes power; but they cannot change the world themselves. This can be done only by a great class which will take the place of the capitalist class and become the sovereign master as the capitalist class was before. Such a class is the working class. The technical intelligentsia [Clissolds to wit] cannot play an independent historical role. The transformation of the world is a great, complicated, and painful process. For this great task a great class is required.

This is curiously like Gladstone or Bright making respectful gestures before the altar of that nineteenth century idol, Public Opinion. H.G. might have reminded Stalin that the Bolsheviks were carried to victory by the great peasant-soldier class, bent to a man on private property in its most extreme form of peasant proprietorship. Ever since, Stalin and his colleagues have been engaged in the great task of exterminating these peasants and replacing them by cultured industrialists. Now it is not a paradox to say that this policy has the enthusiastic support of its more intelligent victims; for there can hardly be an intelligent proletarian in the world who does not heartily agree that the more different his son's lot from his own, the better. But the ordinary work-a-day Russian, like other work-a-day folk, has to take what Stalin and his Government think good for him; and the question Wells might have asked is, were not the Bolshevik leaders the Clissolds of Russia, and is not Wells right in looking for social salvation to a conspiracy of Clissolds, self-dedicated and self-elected? And is not Stalin also right in holding that they will be men of irresistible vocation, convinced that Capitalism is an organised robbery of the proletariat, men ruthlessly determined to put it down as other sorts of brigandage are put down, and quite indifferent to their immediate interests in the pursuit of this end. That is a recognisable description of Lenin and Stalin, but not of Clissold or Rockefeller or Ford.

Anyhow, whether our deliverers are to be apostles or energetic parvenus, there is no denying Stalin's proviso that they cannot change the world until they obtain political power. Also that unless they have a communistic ideal for which they care more than for any personal advantage to themselves they will use their power to rationalise Capitalism instead of to destroy it. Wells has no fear of this, because he thinks that Capitalism is not a system but a chaos. He never made a greater mistake. Capitalism, on paper, is the most systematic and thoroughly reasoned of all the Utopias. It was its completeness and logic as a plan for getting the optimal social result from the institution of private property that reconciled humane thinkers like De Quincey, Austin, Macaulay and the Utilitarians to it in full view of its actual and prospective horrors before Socialism became conceivably political. It is still taught as a standard system in our universities and still threatens the horrible possibility that Wells may study it some day and be lost to Socialism through it as completely as Asquith or Inge. The issue is really between private property with its automatic privileged distribution and public property with deliberately enforced equal distribution. Clissold can be of no use to Socialism as long as he dodges that issue. William Morris is described by Wells as a poet and decorator. That is not the significance of William Morris to us; there are plenty of poets and decorators about. Morris's significant speciality was his freely expressed opinion that idle capitalists are "damned thieves." And the word damned was more than mere decoration. One misses that note in Clissold; yet it is the keynote of Socialism.

In this report of the Stalin-Wells collision between an irresistible force and an immovable obstacle we miss Wells's description and opinion of Stalin.* We crave also for Stalin's description and opinion of Wells. Wells has a genius for such descriptions; but Stalin also wields a trenchant pen, and can put controversial opponents "on the spot" as effectively as Kulaks. Perhaps we shall enjoy both treats some day.

Meanwhile, let us thank Providence that they never came to grips over their differences. Stalin has exiled Trotsky and become the Pontifex Maximus of the new Russo-Catholic Church of Communism on two grounds. First, he is a practical Nationalist statesman recognising that Russia is a big enough handful for mortal rulers to tackle without taking on the rest of the world as well (Wells will have nothing short of a World State). Second, Stalin, inflexible as to his final aim, is a complete opportunist as to the means. He puts this to Wells in two memorable sentences. "I do not stand for any kind of order. I stand for any policy that corresponds to the interest of the working class." It is evident that Stalin is a man who will get things done, including, if necessary, the removal of Trotsky and the World Revolution from the business of the day. Wells, with his World State without Revolution, he also strikes out of the agenda for the present.

I think it unfortunate that Wells left Stalin in some doubt as to whether he is a friend or an enemy of the new Russia. On Wednesday of last week Mr. Chesterton, broadcasting from Portland Place, dealt an eloquent rebuke to Edmund Burke for the way in which his Liberalism crumpled up when it was put to the test by the French Revolution, and eulogised Fox for standing by his guns. And in the very same sentence Mr. Chesterton suddenly collapsed into the arms of the Duchess of Athol (I write figuratively) like a mountain on the breast of a daisy, by quite gratuitously describing Bolshevism as "unlimited sweating."

Now if so fearless a commentator, professing as a Distributist to be on the Left of Communism, can out-Burke Burke thus, whom in England can Stalin trust? I have long been laughed at in Russia as "a good man fallen among Fabians"; but the two old hyperfabian Fabians, Webb and Shaw, have stuck to their guns like Fox whilst the sentimental Socialists have been bolting in all directions from Stalin, screaming, like St. Peter, "I know not the man." Stalin is almost *persona grata* at the Foreign Office as our only bulwark against Japanese Imperialism, whilst our professedly Socialist Societies and Parties are blindly helping the rabble of capitalists who are trying to export our too scanty money to secure a share in the exploitation of Manchukuo and China, and to spite Communism. A pretty sort of cricket, this.

Mr. Wells, magnificently overlooking the existence of the League of Nations Committee for Intellectual Co-operation, and all the Internationals, first, second and third, offers Russia the P.E.N. Club as a substitute. The offer has struck Russia speechless. I am a member of that Club; and I feel strongly tempted to test its political enlightenment and unanimity by moving that we invite Stalin to the next Club dinner.

II.—A COMMENT BY ERNST TOLLER

MR. H. G. WELLS—whom I admire as a great writer, and who has, I know, been one of the most courageous fighters for justice for many years—declared at a big meeting that in Soviet Russia the intellectual freedom of the writer has been *completely* suppressed, and that therefore "there was no intellectual life." Mr. Wells bases his opinion on his experiences during a visit to Moscow and Leningrad. I have myself just returned from Russia, where I spent two months. I visited not only Moscow and Leningrad, but also many autonomous republics, some of them in the Middle East. I am afraid the Russians made the mistake of not acquainting Mr. Wells with the mental life that is so strong in those republics. Otherwise he could not have come to such a judgment.

My strongest impression in Russia was that, while in Fascist countries intellectual freedom is ever more and more closely

* The omission will be supplied next Monday in the second volume of Wells's fascinating autobiography. In it he does handsome justice to Stalin's straightness and good nature, but is blinded by his Marx phobia to Stalin's strength of mind and realistic grasp of the historic situation.—G. B. S.

circumscribed, and writers who do not slavishly obey the orders of the dictators must go into exile, in the U.S.S.R., on the other hand, intellectual freedom is *growing*. There are real signs that the restrictions of mental freedom, which the Soviet Government has hitherto thought necessary, are being greatly relaxed.

At the Writers' Congress, the representative of the Government made the simple declaration that:

"In the U.S.S.R. every writer is at liberty to write what he likes, but he is not at liberty to write badly."

(Actually the writer is even at liberty to write badly, otherwise the productions of modern Russian literature would be all masterpieces, which they are not by any means.)

At the Congress, Russian writers like Pasternak, Babel, Tikhonov, Oliesha and Ehrenburg were enthusiastically acclaimed—writers who are neither members of the Communist Party nor active propagandists, but who were honoured because they are great artists. The discussions took place on a high intellectual level; they were concerned not with "malicious propaganda," but with questions of style and form. Joyce and Dos Passos were discussed. Leading statesmen showed in their reports that they were familiar with the older as well as the more modern literature, which can scarcely be said of European statesmen. Young writers appeared to have no fear of their critics; they fought tooth and nail against any proposal to restrict their artistic liberty.

The mistakes of the U.S.S.R. in the early years are, to my mind, being corrected. Black and white conceptions are rejected; in the theatre, for instance, not marionettes are wanted, but human beings in all their strength and weakness. The Russians are aware that for the orthodox there is another world peopled with gods or devils, but the gods and devils do not exist in this world—not even in the country. Thus it is that at a Moscow theatre one may see a counter-revolutionary officer of the White Army portrayed as a human being, and even with sympathy. In Gorki's last play, the capitalist is shown not as a mere demon, but as a strong personality. Counter-revolution is ruthlessly suppressed, but people have sufficient insight to recognise that some of its supporters are idealists who would sacrifice their lives for it.

The writer in Russia is not the foundling of society, much rather the *enfant gâté*. Sycophantic praise is not expected of him; self-criticism is welcomed. And he is given time and leisure to work. Babel, who showed by his early books that he was an important prose-writer, but who has published nothing for seven years, told the Congress that he had been paid advances from the State Publishing House during that time, and without his being a retiring, modest individual, he has not been pressed for the manuscript. What free publisher of western Europe would do as much?

I should like to add a personal experience of my own. I visited the country of the Bakhars and Gabardins. Their president, Kalmikov, a man of outstanding character, invited me to spend six months or a year there. "Live here," he said, "look around you, perhaps you will be inspired to write about our people. I know well enough that you can't force your work. If you find after a year that you can write nothing, still you will have learned something, and that is enough."

Fifteen years ago, 98 per cent. of these people were illiterate. To-day, only 2 per cent. can neither read nor write. In the libraries you will find the works of Russian and foreign writers. One of the most read writers is, incidentally, H. G. Wells. A sure sign of mental life in the U.S.S.R.!

The same phenomenon may be observed in many other autonomous republics of the U.S.S.R. Peoples who for centuries were suppressed by the Tsars, whose languages were forbidden, are by intensive work creating for themselves their own schools and universities, their own literature and art. Nowhere is cultural life suppressed; it is encouraged everywhere. Nowhere are spiritual values destroyed; everywhere they have become the possession of the people.

This is so even with the spiritual values of bourgeois society. One might almost speak of a renaissance of the classics. Not only are Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy and Lermontov read by millions, but there is as great an interest in Dickens and Swift, Balzac and Flaubert. Whereas in other countries there are insufficient readers, the only reason in Soviet Russia why the huge editions are not doubled and trebled is that there is a shortage of paper.

I wish Mr. Wells had attended the Congress of Russian writers. Then he would have seen not only that new factories and new towns are being built in Russia, but that in addition a new type of humanity is growing up there, a type which is fundamentally different from the people of Fascist countries. While the intellect is hated and persecuted in Fascist countries, in the U.S.S.R. the working people of the whole country are striving to find an intellectual basis for their life in order to achieve a living relationship with the great cultural values of the past and the present.

The terrible isolation of the writer has been abolished. The writer lives in close contact with the people, and the people are in close contact with the writer and his work. This was shown not only by the numerous delegations of workers, peasants and soldiers who appeared at the Congress, but by the passionate discussions about the Congress in the factories at which I was often present.

It was unfortunate that the letter from the English P.E.N. Club was not read at the Congress. I myself do not think that there was any intentional ill-will, and I am convinced that at the next P.E.N. Congress, Russian delegates will give an account of the vigorous mental life of the U.S.S.R., and that no one will be more pleased than—Mr. Wells himself.

A LONDON DIARY

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY held his first uninterrupted meeting in London on Sunday night. The Albert Hall was well filled. Something like half the audience appeared to be Blackshirts; most of the rest seemed to be well-to-do suburban people with a sprinkling of working men. The dominant note of the meeting was a passionate anti-Semitism, the vehemence of which seemed at one point to surprise Sir Oswald himself. The police protected the meeting with a solid cordon round the hall; a number of counter-demonstrators were charged and knocked about by the police afterwards, but a successful counter-demonstration was held near the Marble Arch. Sir Oswald continues to imitate Hitler in the minutest detail. The atmosphere is created by pageantry, uniforms, trumpets and organised yells. Extreme nationalism and anti-Semitism formed the emotional basis for his speech; on the basis of these fundamental prejudices, inconsistencies of argument directed to different sections of the community may pass unnoticed. Mosley's economics for the "planners" (well and reasonably explained) bored his audience; for the rest he mingled promises of social reform, the extremest Diehardism about India, abuse of the press, repetitions that the violence came from the Reds, not from the Blackshirts, attacks on all existing political parties, and bitter anti-Semitism. He made a great point of the fact that no legal action had been taken against him after Olympia, and represented the evidence of Conservative M.P.s and other impartial witnesses on that occasion as so many lies. He even denied that there had been any hospital cases after Olympia. No one was in a position to remind the audience that Sir John Gilmour gave a list of hospital cases of people beaten up by Fascists at Olympia, or to explain the legal complications of bringing an action against Sir Oswald and anonymous Blackshirts when corroborative evidence of particular incidents must in the nature of things be very difficult to obtain after the meeting. Nor could anyone point out that the men who were beaten up were poor men, while Sir Oswald would certainly fight any action taken against him up to the House of Lords.

* * *

Let no one after this meeting say that anti-Semitism is not

dangerous in England. Sir Oswald's anti-Semitic passages were wildly, madly cheered, from all parts of the hall. People rose in their seats and yelled delight when he accused the Jews of trying to drag England into a war with Germany, of attacking Blackshirts (he quoted some foreign names of men charged with violence against Fascists in the courts), of blackmailing the press and of destroying England by their international financial control. (I agreed with some of his remarks about the influence of the international finance, but cannot see why the Jewish banker is better or worse than the Gentile. Actually the proportion of Jewish financiers in the City is very small.) He said, amidst terrific applause, that it is not "the sweepings from the ghettoes of Europe" that the Fascists are interested in, but "it is the big men we are after, and believe me, we know who they are." *A propos* of this remark I will disclose a recent incident. I met a very wealthy Jewish financier the other day—one of the men presumably that Sir Oswald is "after." He told me that he was not troubled about Fascism in this country. He had made discreet inquiries about Mosley's real attitude and had been given complete assurance that he did not really intend to damage the financiers or the Jews. His attack on the City was merely propaganda and not really part of his programme! You see the technique? Hitler got money from the big German Jews by the same tactics. The Fascist leader stumps the country, rousing intense hatred of the Jews and the financier; privately he lets the big Jews and financiers know that he values their support in saving capitalism from the "Left," and that his attack on them is only poppycock for the multitude. Pretty, is it not?

* * *

A number of people have written to this journal to congratulate it on the almost unique achievement of having printed on October 18th a really informative article on the revolutionary struggle in Spain. That article was written by a foreign journalist who had crossed the frontier before writing it. The censorship is strict, and this has been in fact almost the only way in which reliable news could be obtained. I have just seen another young man who has been in Spain throughout the struggle and whose report is all the more interesting because he has no political affiliations. I will summarise some of his points. First, the revolutionary plans were completely upset because the army in Barcelona did not, as expected, support the Catalan separatists. General Batet was given an hour to make up his mind and used it to mount his artillery into position against the rebels. From that moment the Government troops were free to pursue their campaign in Asturias, where the rebels even now are still holding out in the mountains. Aeroplanes are being effectively used against them. Then in Madrid the large armed Socialist militia (said to number 40,000) never came out, so that the revolt there was confined to pistoleros, who shot from the house-tops in the vain hope of keeping the police and soldiers on the alert so that they should not be able to fight the rebels in the north. It was also odd that there was no revolutionary rising in a number of big towns such as Seville, once a Communist stronghold. Scarcely a shot was fired there, though police raids uncovered large quantities of arms. The defection of the South from the rising is not explained, though the general explanation of the lack of co-ordinated activity was the old trouble between Socialists and Communists.

* * *

Many Left sympathisers think that the Catholic reactionaries deliberately provoked the rising in order to provide an excuse for suppression on the model of Austrian Fascism. In any case the reactionary forces have got everything they want. The controversy about the death penalty after trial is almost academic, because so many hundreds of rebels have been shot without trial. Many of the *Casas de Pueblo* have been shut and the Government is likely to take control of all the funds of workmen's organisations. The reaction has been made easier by atrocity stories which seem to have been almost entirely, if not entirely, invented in Spanish Catholic newspaper offices. A number of them have been investigated and in every case disproved—by admission in some cases by the Right itself. The most quoted case concerns the parish priest of Sama, Don Venacio Prada, whose disembowelled body was stated to have been hung up in a butcher's shop. The correspondent of *Estempa* states that he saw the body of this priest shortly before burial and that it showed no signs of mutilation. On the other side reports say that wounded miners were taken from their beds and shot. This is equally impossible to verify, but there is no doubt that the Government's use of black troops from Morocco has caused great bitterness among the rebels. Survivors who were in the hands of the revolutionaries are now making statements, accepted by the Right papers, that non-combatants were protected and provisioned, and that only doctors and chemists were prevented from leaving the battle area. Patrols were placed near the mines and factories to prevent sabotage by anarchists, and where goods were confiscated to provision the rebel troops vouchers were given by the revolutionary Committee for every article taken. My friend sends me the complete text of a Proclamation posted on the walls in the Oviedo district by the Revolutionary Committee. He copied it down himself. The first provision runs:

> The absolute prohibition of any act of pillage, with the warning that any person who is caught in an act of this nature will be shot.

* * *

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who has been giving the Hibbert Lectures at University College, is an exceedingly remarkable man. An organist, a musical scholar and critic—his is universally recognised as the standard work on Bach—he is also a philosopher and a Christian who has taken his Christianity seriously enough to become a missionary, and his missionising seriously enough to qualify as a doctor in order that he might heal the bodies as well as care for the souls of his converts. In spite of his prolonged residence in Equatorial Africa, he has contrived to keep sufficiently abreast of modern thought to deliver as stimulating a series of lectures as have been given under the Hibbert auspices. Dr. Schweitzer made much of the contemporary divorce between religion and thinking. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries religion was still rational, while to think was to think within the framework of the religious hypothesis. Men, accordingly, did not despair of introducing the Kingdom of God on earth, with the result that civilisation was ameliorated by the series of reforms which humanitarians call progress; slavery and torture were abolished, liberty established, tolerance encouraged. The alliance between thought and religion was dissolved in the nineteenth century. For a time the nineteenth century contrived to live upon the capital laid up by the eighteenth, but by the end of the century the results of the divorce had become inescapable. Thought was dominated by the natural sciences, and religion, disavowing the efficacy of thought, either entrenched itself behind revelation, or economised on the supernatural and subsided into ethics. Hence the bankruptcy of modern thought, which, while lauding the claims of intuition, insight, faith and dogma, does anything and everything but think. The remedy was perhaps not as original as one could have wished. Dr. Schweitzer prescribed as an absolute value for the modern world a reverence for life which was prepared impartially to care for and to foster all life from that of enemies to earwigs. Here, he suggested, was the basis of a modern ethic. The ethic has, I believe, been suggested already by Jesus of Nazareth. It is a good ethic, but unfortunately nobody can be induced to attend to it.

* * *

David Low is to be tried on a charge of sowing disaffection among the troops by his *Evening Standard* cartoons. The trial will be held at the Friends' Meeting House, Euston Road, at 8 p.m. on November 6th. It should be a quite unusually amusing and instructive mock trial. Mr. Miles Malleson, I understand, is to act the part of the policeman. Mr. Graham Hutton, assistant-editor of the *Economist*, that of the prose-

cuting Counsel, and Mr. W. H. Thompson will appear for the defence. The editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is to be one of the witnesses (a seduced soldier, I think) and Mr. Aylmer Vallance, the editor of the *News-Chronicle* will be the Judge. Colonel Blimp, hero of many of Low's best drawings, is to appear in person. The admission will be by ticket only. Tickets (5*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*., 2*s*. and 1*s*.) may be obtained from the National Council of Civil Liberties, 3 Dansey Place, Wardour Street, W.1. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. J. P. Gaudin.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The King said to me, "I want you to stop to lunch." . . . . I found myself free about 2.30 wearing my morning clothes with spats and top hat and again feeling the goods, with the prospect of £5,000 a year and having had a damned good lunch at no cost.—Mr. J. H. Thomas reported in *News-Chronicle*.

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, at St. Albans, yesterday said "There is one way in which the Socialist Party beats us. We of the Conservative Party, are naturally modest and diffident. In other words, we are gentlemen and gentlewomen, and we do not flaunt our wares. But when our country is at stake we must throw that away."—*Daily Herald*.

The headmistress of Godolphin, Miss C. R. Ash, was of opinion that the school certificate for girls was only valuable if taken in their stride. She said that one of her best cricketers went entirely off her bowling last summer because of examination worries.—*News-Chronicle*.

Take Cover!—Paris schoolchildren will in future find printed in their exercise books instructions on what to do in case of an air attack. Our own care-free younglings will doubtless be similarly instructed in due course. We do not dispute the value of the information, but if we had our school children's exercise books to write in we should be inclined to make it something like this: An air force that can lick the other fellow's is worth a hundred hidey holes.—*Evening News*.

Our purpose, deliberately set before us, was to show what the example of one nation would mean in the general advance of disarmament towards peace. We stuck to our guns.—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to the International Peace Society, as reported in the *Times*.

The Duke received everywhere a typical Bush welcome. From the trees beside the road bell-birds sang their tuneful notes, and there were occasional hilarious outbursts from laughing-jackasses.—*—Times*.

It is already obvious, in London, that the Public Assistance System is to be used to debauch the poor.—*Morning Post*.

What body of supermen do our economic planners propose to set up—men who are able to regulate supply and demand with the absolute precision of Nature? And why should anybody attempt what nature already does to perfection? *Sunday Times*.

The modification of the past as quickly as possible to meet the circumstances of the future is the one policy which is going to bring us as a Government and as a nation up, up, and up, and on, on, and on. . . .—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on the policy of the "National" Government.

A rapidly changing world regards with increasing admiration the wise conservatism of the Englishman and in no sphere is this more eloquently expressed than in his underwear.—Advt. in *Evening Standard*.

FRENCH POLITICS

PUBLIC opinion in other countries has rightly been interested in the Stavisky scandal and the mysterious death at Dijon of M. Albert Prince, which, exploited as they have been by the enemies of the Republican regime, have appeared to put the existence of that regime in danger. For the end of the Republican regime would mean the end of liberty in France. It is difficult to follow all the intricacies of such events as those that have distracted France during the present year in the necessarily curtailed reports in the daily press. The book by Mr. Alexander Werth, just published,* is, therefore, opportune and valuable. It provides everything necessary to an understanding of the present situation in France—a graphic account of the events of the last ten months, an exposition of the causes that made a first-class political crisis out of a rather banal financial scandal, and an appreciation of the various forces confronting one another in France and their relative importance. Mr. Werth shows himself to be a first-rate descriptive reporter. His accounts of the riots in Paris on February 6th, and of certain crucial sittings of the Chamber, are so vivid that the reader has the impression of being an eyewitness.

The Stavisky scandal, as Mr. Werth says, was in itself no more important than several other financial scandals since the war, and not to be compared with the Panama affair. The reason why it had such serious political consequences was that it occurred when it did. At the end of last year France was suffering severely from the economic crisis by which it had been almost unaffected longer than any other country. Parliamentary government was in a state of instability, and short-lived Cabinets succeeded one another in rapid succession. The fatuous foreign policy of M. Paul Boncour had isolated France after irritating all her allies and throwing Poland into the arms of Germany. Moreover, the French felt, with reason, that they had been badly let down by the British Government in October, 1933. All these factors contributed, as Mr. Werth says, to create the "atmosphere of discouragement and bewilderment into which the Stavisky bomb was dropped at the beginning of January."

Governmental instability in France is the result of the multiplicity of parties and, still more, of parliamentary groups, the majority of which represent no organised party in the country. The general election of 1932 gave the parties of the Left for the first time a majority in the Chamber—the "Cartel" in 1924 included the Left Centre, which ultimately broke it up. The result of that election was due to a spontaneous popular movement such as I have never known in France before. The victory was won in spite of the Radical leaders, who had not expected it and were disconcerted by it, for M. Herriot had arranged with the President of the Republic (M. Paul Doumer) before the election to form after the election a "concentration" Government, that is, a coalition of the Radicals and certain Centre groups. M Doumer was assassinated two days before the second ballots, and M. Tardieu tried to repeat the stunt of the Zinovieff letter by falsely representing the assassin, Gorguloff, as a Communinst. The attempt to stampede the electors failed, and the second ballots made the victory of the Left overwhelming. France voted above all against M. Tardieu and his Government, and the losses of the Centre were heavier than those of the Right. The logical consequence of the election would have been a coalition Government of the parties of the Left, which was no doubt what the majority of the electors wanted. The Socialists decided to participate in such a Government on certain conditions, but the negotiations with the Radicals fell through. Both sides may have been to some extent to blame, but the greater responsibility was undoubtedly on the side of M. Herriot and the other Radical leaders, who never desired Socialist co-operation. A "concentration" Government having become impossible, M. Herriot formed a

* *France in Ferment*. By ALEXANDER WERTH. London: *Jarrolds*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Radical Cabinet, which had no majority in the Chamber and lasted about six months. The composition of the Chamber made it impossible to form any Government with a stable majority other than a coalition Government of the Left, including the Socialists, or a " national " Government, that is, a coalition of all the " bourgeois " parties. Finally, after the riots of February 6th, the panic-stricken Radicals rallied to the latter makeshift, as in 1926. They could do nothing else.

This short historical retrospect, which is to be found in greater detail in Mr. Werth's book, is necessary because the multiplicity of parties and groups is the real cause of the parliamentary breakdown in France, and it is likely to be permanent. There is no prospect that any party will have a clear majority in the Chamber in the near future. No change in the electoral system will change these conditions. P.R. might have the result in France of eliminating " independents " and nondescripts and thus consolidating the organised parties, but it will never produce a two-party system. This being so, perhaps the remedy is to get rid of the idea of Cabinet solidarity and form Governments in which there are frankly a majority and a minority, and the Ministers in the minority need not necessarily resign.

Mr. Werth justly says that the Stavisky scandal was " a legal scandal, a police scandal, a press scandal, an administrative scandal, and a parliamentary scandal," but he shows clearly that the inherent vices of the French administrative system were chiefly to blame for it. It is true that, as the late Robert de Jouvenel said, the main function of a French deputy is to do little jobs and wangle little favours for his constituents, but it is the administrative system that makes that possible. If Parliament were abolished to-morrow other intermediaries would take the place of the deputies. It is not " democracy " or parliamentary institutions that have been discredited by the Stavisky scandal, but the Napoleonic administrative system, a system designed to serve the purpose of a regime that, in modern slang, would be called " Fascist." It served Napoleon's purpose admirably, and for that very reason it is totally unsuited to a regime of liberty or democracy. In so far as French parliamentary institutions are corrupted they are corrupted by the administration. Corruption was one of Napoleon's methods of government, and the First Empire was probably the most corrupt period in French history ; but the truth about it was revealed only in memoirs published after it came to an end. The Third Republic is certainly less corrupt, but it is no longer possible to hush up the scandals, as it is in Italy, for instance.

What is needed in France is not so much constitutional reform, or parliamentary reform, as a drastic reform of the administration and its methods from top to bottom—a reform amounting to a revolution. The primary vices of the system are its excessive centralisation, and the enormous and almost arbitrary powers that it gives to Ministers, Government departments and the police. France is still to a great extent what Napoleon intended it to be—a Police State. And, as in all countries, the administration is more important than the legislature ; France is not in any true sense a democratic country. Democracy and liberty are held down by the dead hand of Napoleon.

As Robert de Jouvenel said in a passage quoted by Mr. Werth, the Republic has intensified the evils of the Napoleonic centralisation.

> When the Governor of the Ivory Coast breaks his telephone receiver, he has to refer the matter to the Ministry of the Colonies in Paris to get it repaired. Under our administrative system there is not a prefect, not a general, not a commander of an army corps, not a chief inspector of taxes, not a governor of a colony, who can take a decision without the Minister's approval.

But, said Robert de Jouvenel, as the Minister cannot possibly attend to everything himself, the approval is in fact given by a sixth-rate official. " Napoleon built up the system for his own use ; we are content to put it at the disposal of Mr. Nobody."

Such a system breeds corruption and favouritism. No Minister could possibly make personally all the decisions that he has to make, or exercise personally all the patronage that he has to exercise, or even read all the letters that he has to sign, as M. Poincaré discovered when he tried to do it. He must depend on his subordinates or on the recommendations of senators, deputies, or personal friends. And, as Robert de Jouvenel also said, when a scandal breaks out, it is impossible to discover the personal responsibilities for it. Mr. Nobody is responsible. A local authority needs the consent of a Government department in Paris for the most trivial matters. The Government department is overwhelmed with applications, with the result that it may be months or even years before a reply is given. Naturally, the local authority concerned applies to the local deputy to hurry things up, and the deputies with the most influence get their authorisations first. What is needed is a drastic measure of decentralisation, giving much more power to the local authorities. The prefects ought to be abolished, for it is through them that the central administration exercises its autocratic powers, and they, quite as much as the deputies, obtain or refuse favours. In any case, the sub-prefects, who are quite useless, should be got rid of ; but if they were, every little town where there is a sous-préfecture would be up in arms. The abolition of the old provinces was the great blunder of the Revolution, and they should be restored as far as possible by the delegation of some of the powers of the central administration to regional councils.

While there is too much centralisation, there is a serious lack of co-ordination. The responsibilities in any given case, as Mr. Werth says, are divided between various departments in such a way that no single department can ever be held responsible. One of the reasons of Stavisky's success in the affair of the false bonds of the Bayonne Crédit Municipal was that the municipal pawnbroking monopolies are supervised by several different Government departments, with the result that they are not supervised at all. The Police Judiciaire and the Sûreté Générale, instead of co-operating, work against each other, and the Paris Prefecture of Police was in possession of seventeen reports on the Stavisky affair, which were never communicated to the Sûreté Générale.

The methods of the French administration need as drastic a reform as the system itself. It is complained that there are too many Government officials in France, but the antiquated methods, the appalling red tape and the multiplicity of useless formalities are the cause of their superfluity. A French civil servant once said to me : " It is not true that we have nothing to do. What is true is that at least half of what we have to do need not be done at all." It is a mistake to suppose that there is no organisation in France. There is a great deal too much, so much that no room is left for personal initiative or personal responsibility. If the methods of the French administration were rationalised, the number of Government officials could be reduced by half and their salaries could be doubled. The efficiency of the administration would gain thereby. For one of the causes of corruption in France is the miserably low rate of pay in the Government services.

For my part, I do not believe that what is now called " Fascism "—we used to call it dictatorship or autocratic government—is coming to France. The provinces will not have it, and, according to my information, the Comité des Forges and the other guiding spirits of the reactionary movement recognise it to be impossible. What they want is an increase in the powers of the Executive and a diminution in those of Parliament. At present the provinces are hostile to Paris, as they usually are, and attempts to extend the demonstrations of February to big provincial towns have failed conspicuously. The probable tactics of the reactionaries are to provoke the Socialists and Communists to disorderly conduct in the hope of turning round provincial opinion. In that they will not succeed, if what I have heard in Socialist and Communist quarters can be depended on. I have been assured that the reactionary tactics are quite well understood, and that, if there is a repetition of the reactionary demonstrations of February, the Socialists and Communists will keep quiet and leave the police to deal with them. So, unless some of the rank and file of the " common front " get out of hand, it is unlikely that there will be trouble,

unless it is made by the reactionaries. If they make it, it will be easier for M. Doumergue and M. Marchandeau to deal with them than it was for M. Daladier and M. Frot, and they will only do harm to themselves. On the whole I am optimistic about the future of France. ROBERT DELL

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

THERE has just appeared in Germany a book which is being officially recommended to the girls of the Nazi Girls League as a guide to behaviour. In it the girls are told that they must not "seek their happiness in personal freedom but in the nation." "What does it matter," they are asked, "if one or two generations must bleed if only our children find themselves a free nation."

The appeal of the idea of self-sacrifice to the imagination is an old one. The Spartan mothers brought up their sons on it. They sent them into battle with the splendid affirmative interrogative: "Who dies if Sparta lives?" At a later date, Horace, despite his strong inclination to comfort, declared that it is sweet to die for one's country, and ever since then men have gone on dying for this country and that, for this cause and that, and counted their lives well lost. If the records of these sacrifices perished we should lose a large part of the history of human greatness. The world will never cease to honour its soldiers and its martyrs, or, if it does, it will cease to be a world worth living in.

At the same time, it must be admitted that the occasions for bleeding that were ennobled by such heroic deeds were the result of unreason, and that the heroic deeds themselves show us only one aspect of warfare. The gentle magnanimity of Hector was no more essential a feature of the Trojan War than the anguish of the Trojan women. There is no sane man who, having read of the sufferings of these women, does not feel that it was one of the great tragedies of time that the Trojan War ever took place. I doubt if there is any great war which has taken place since that we do not in our sane moments regard as a catastrophe which, if we could, we should have longed to prevent. At the same time, since the wars and revolutions of the past are over, we accept them as inevitable, as we accept earthquakes. Even the pacifist is rightly stirred by the glorious behaviour of glorious men in the face of such predestined horrors.

It may seem paradoxical to glorify the military valour of the past and to hope that there will be no occasion for it in the future. But this happens to be the attitude, not only of the pacific, but of the most military-minded. The English militarist, if there be such a person, may be an enthusiastic admirer of Cromwell or Prince Rupert; but his enthusiasm does not lead him to wish to see another civil war in England in order to give new Cromwells and Prince Ruperts an opportunity for valorous deeds. It is perfectly logical in a Scotsman to celebrate Bruce and Wallace, and yet to have no wish to see Scotsmen bleeding for the same cause to-morrow. The Americans can take pride in the heroic incidents of their Civil War without any desire for a repetition of it. If this is a natural attitude for man to adopt to civil war, it is surely an equally natural attitude to adopt to all war. We do not honour the soldier the less for hoping that at some time in the future he will be unnecessary. There are some pacifists who believe in belittling the military glories of the past. I do not agree with them. It seems to me perfectly practicable to cultivate a warlike enthusiasm for the past and yet to work effectively for the abolition of warlike enthusiasm in the present.

For one thing, as Mr. Churchill said some time ago, war is not what it used to be. It has become too like a prolonged explosion in a munitions factory, and at the end of the explosion it is discovered by both sides that it does not pay. In a modern war the victor loses everything except being saved from defeat. There are a few soldiers who believe that aircraft has changed all that and has opened up possibilities for a new kind of war which will be short and conclusive and will pay the victor. This is probably another of the great illusions. Most modern wars have been begun on the assumption that they would be short wars. Unfortunately, in wars the human race has enormous staying power which deprives it in the end of its paying power.

Hence, I think that anybody who asks, "What does it matter if one or two generations must bleed, etc.?" is, in the first place, set something of a task to show that the bleeding is going to do anybody any good. In our own time one generation has bled pretty freely, and how much is the world the better for it? The very country which called most loudly on the generation to bleed as the only means of saving its descendants now admits that the descendants are not saved and calls on the descendants to bleed in order to save *their* descendants. There is no reason why, if this sort of thing goes on, we should not have a sequence of bleeding generations till there are no descendants left to be saved. I am growing more and more suspicious of those people who summon the present generation to suffer for the sake of the next one. It is good to work with an eye to the future and in the hope of enabling the next generation to enter into a better inheritance than fell to the lot of their fathers; but I hate idolatry, and I can see no sense in making such an idol of the future as to be ready to sacrifice the present generation to it. After all, the people who are living on the earth at present have at least as much claim on us as any generation in posterity. If we are indifferent to the happiness of our contemporaries on earth, is it not a little hypocritical to affect so much concern for a generation yet unborn? To sacrifice one's child to an unborn great-grandchild who may be a rotter seems to me to be the mark of semi-religious mania.

It is also the mark of those who create in their imaginations a static Utopia of the future and are prepared to offer up human sacrifices to it. They call their Utopia freedom, or a republic, or Communism, and are sincerely convinced that the generations must go on bleeding till the Utopia is achieved. As a rule, after a generation has bled, the remnants of it are exceedingly disappointed. They have achieved what looks like freedom, but they themselves do not regard it as freedom. The formula has not worked out quite correctly. The doctrinaire lover of freedom is as much perturbed by the absence of a halfpennyworth of freedom as a cashier is perturbed by a halfpenny error in his accounts. Till that halfpennyworth has been won he calls on the next generation to go on suffering. To make the best of the present seems treachery to him—treachery to posterity. To him the only human beings worth suffering for are the unborn—who, if things go on as they are going now, may never be born.

Now, it is the noblest thing in the world to sacrifice oneself for an ideal, but there is surely a limit to the right to sacrifice other people. Good men in the past have done this, and good men in the future, no doubt, will do it again; but, in such cases, the cause must be so overwhelming that men would rather die than bear the alternative to death. The great rebels have been so conscious of the indignity of servitude that they were prepared to give their lives and the lives of other people to end it. In the same spirit men of all nations set out during the great war, feeling that even at the cost of their lives their countries must be preserved from slavery. There are some people who believe that wars will continue as long as nation-worship continues—that nation-worship inevitably leads to nation-idolatry with its demand for human sacrifice. It is not only, however, in regard to nations that men become idolators. I have met men, excellent men, who had persuaded themselves into indifference to patriotism, and who at the same time had merely substituted a cause for their country as the object of their idolatry. So far as I can judge, cause-idolatry is just as likely to make the generations bleed as nation-idolatry. War is distinguishable from revolution only by the fact that in a war one is usually killed by a foreigner instead of by a fellow-countryman.

It is, I admit, difficult to decide the point at which a cause or a country becomes worth bleeding for by a whole

generation. Self-sacrificing devotion to a cause is, by general admission, the mark of a noble nature as well as being one of the supreme sources of human happiness. If it disappeared the world would become as poor-spirited as it would become dull. At the same time, I think that devotion to a cause should be tempered by some regard for the happiness of one's contemporary fellow-mortals. The human being has but a short time on earth, and his need of love, friendship, food, shelter, clothes and amusement is as important a consideration as the social and political status of his great-grandchildren, who in any case will probably be quite able to look after themselves. Besides, there is no certainty that these generations that bleed will secure what they want for their descendants by bleeding. Descendants do not always see eye to eye with their bleeding ancestors. Those German girls may suffer to-day in order to hand on to their grandchildren a glorious Hitlerite Germany, and their ungrateful grandchildren may turn out to be enthusiastic Communists. What does it matter if one or two generations bleed? But if they bleed in vain? It is an excellent thing to love posterity, but let us love it in strict moderation and with common sense. Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE MOSLEY MEETING

SIR,—There is no denying the success of Mosley's meeting at the Albert Hall on Sunday. The audience were carried away by enthusiasm. It may be said that it was not an average audience, but was composed of converts. It may also be said that the policy put forward was economically unsound. Most of the speech, however, might have been made by a Left wing Socialist, except that where the latter would say "capitalists" Mosley said "Jewish financiers."

I have heard similar attacks on the National Government, on the press, on the City, on the inactivity of the Labour Party, from very different platforms. Mosley has stolen the Socialist thunder. He may not be an outstanding orator, but he is a more convincing speaker than most politicians. His theatrical marching about with flags may not appeal to the average Englishman, but I must confess that when I saw similar marching with banners, etc., in Trafalgar Square in the afternoon I was moved by it.

It is easy to make promises, and we were promised many things—an expansion of the home market at the expense of the foreign investor, slum clearance, solution of the unemployment problem, abolition of Stock Exchange speculation, all-round increase of wages—and much else. He did not tell us how he was going to raise wages in order to increase purchasing power. The employers who will be so powerful in a Fascist State would presumably object to having their profits drastically reduced by this increase in the wages bill.

Most Englishmen do not understand political economy, but they realise that the present capitalist system cannot continue. This organisation of society is unfair. The Fascist policy seems to promise a new organisation, while, in fact, it must mean bolstering up the existing one by force. But will people believe this?

The Fascist policy is plausible. The party has other ideals than beating up Communists and Jews, and it must be brought home to the man in the street—(*a*) that this policy is economically unsound; (*b*) that the Socialists offer the same advantages on a sound economic basis; (*c*) that Hitler made the same promises, and failed to carry them out. P. SOPER

London, W.

THE SEDITION BILL

SIR,—The absolute necessity of the "Incitement to Sedition" Bill is now quite evident. Mr. Lloyd George is clearly tumbling out his volumes as rapidly as possible, to anticipate its passing and to get them sold before it becomes law. Now that he has mowed down the whole race of generals, no soldier could ever salute one of them again without entire loss of self-respect.

But considering Clause 2 (1) of the Bill concerning possession of documents inciting to disaffection, everybody who has bought a copy of Mr. Lloyd George's book—I'm glad to think—will either have to burn or bury it, or in the alternative find himself deservedly landed in gaol, where he will undoubtedly meet Mr. Lloyd George.

British Generals will then once again be able to look the whole world, and even their own men, in the face. DIEHARD

A QUINQUENNIAL CENSUS

SIR,—Professor Bowley does a great public service in drawing attention to the census of 1936. The immediate object of this census is to obtain the necessary data for the quinquennial revision of the Exchequer grants to local authorities. But the occasion should be used for obtaining as well information on matters of fundamental importance to the nation. Above all, the questions about the size of family which were included in the schedule of 1911, but which were left out in 1921 and 1931, should be reinserted in 1936. These questions are

"State for each married woman on the schedule the number of
(*i*) Completed years the present marriage has lasted,
(ii) Children born alive to present marriage,
(iii) Total children born alive,
(iv) Children who have died."

The object of these questions is to enable it to be calculated how quickly the different occupational and social classes are reproducing themselves and to what extent these rates are changing. The fact that these questions had not appeared in any other British census exposed to criticism some of the most important conclusions about fertility which were drawn from the 1911 figures.

Since 1911 the classification of occupations used in the census has greatly improved, so that it is now possible to recognise both the industry giving employment and the position of the individual in the industry. The information to be obtained by repeating the 1911 questions would, therefore, be more valuable than that obtained in 1911, quite apart from the fact that the latter is now a generation out of date. MICHAEL PEASE

School of Agriculture, Cambridge.

VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS

SIR,—There is one point I should particularly like to make in the discussion about Voluntary and Municipal Hospitals.

The Voluntary Hospitals are property owners, and the policy of such hospitals is largely determined by the Board of Governors. These may or may not be progressively minded people, but the system is bad in any case. As an example of this, I will explain what happened recently. It was decided that a new Birth Control Clinic should be started in the Shoreditch area (where there is extreme poverty and destitution) and run under the auspices of the National Birth Control Association. Suitable premises were found, owned by one of the large Voluntary General Hospitals. When formal application was made to take a lease of the house, this was refused, and we learned that the Committee of Treasurer and Almoners felt that it would not be in the interests of the hospital to lease premises for the purpose of promoting instruction in contraception.

I suggest that a State medical system might not have had so reactionary an attitude, and the Municipal Hospitals represent a step in the right direction. CECILE BOOYSEN

12 Kent Terrace, Park Road, N.W.1.

SIR,—I should like to say that as a nurse with ten years' experience in various hospitals that your article on Voluntary Hospitals of September 29th contains fewer mis-statements than "Surgeon" imagines or is willing to admit.

I have frequently prepared patients repeatedly two or three times in one week for an operation before they were finally operated on. As a theatre nurse I have seen patients actually brought into a theatre and just before the anaesthetic was commenced the surgeon said he hadn't time to carry on. He had to be at a nursing home or had an appointment at a certain time.

I have occasionally heard discussions between surgeons on State-run hospitals, on which the majority looked with horror, as being a means of taking their livelihood from them.

I should like to ask "Surgeon" who is there to create a row when he walks off to his private cases? Occasionally some courageous spirit protests, but his protests are drowned by the "loyal staff" (house surgeons and nurses), who point out how

charitable it is of these professional men to give their services free, and how hard they work (which is true). If that does not quell the turbulent spirit he or she is informed that he doesn't need to stay in, he can leave of his own free will, and either pay for having his operation done in a nursing home or go without, and so he has no choice but to submit.

All hospitals are badly staffed and overworked. Residents are not always good or reliable. If good and reliable when they start, they either have to work night and day or become careless and indifferent from inability to cope with the pressure of work.

Since the nursing staff in "the paying wards" of a Voluntary Hospital are the same as throughout the rest of the hospital the nursing standard is bound to be the same. The "duds" aren't chosen for the paying patients!

If "Surgeon" distrusts the capabilities and work of the nurse in a small room, I cannot see where his greater trust comes from for the staff in a nursing home, which is composed chiefly of small rooms—since he cannot but know that in the majority of nursing homes there are only a few trained nurses on the staff. In both cases the patient can protest if he is unkindly treated, since he is paying for his treatment.

I have nursed patients in a Paying Block, the majority of whom have been better pleased with their treatment and nursing than they have been with a nursing home.

Complaints do come from paying patients, and rightly so—the non-paying patient is an object of charity, his status is too low ever to make himself heard. Improvements can only come through legitimate grievances being aired, and perhaps (although I doubt it) these improvements may through time spread to the general wards and so help their more unfortunate brethren who suffer in silence.

EX-THEATRE-SISTER

MATERNAL MORTALITY

SIR,—The Maternal Mortality Committee has issued its Report. This document is a masterpiece of ignorance or evasion.

It states that "the death-rate associated with childbearing remains almost stationary" . . . that the figures "suggest that fatal cases of septic abortion are increasing," and that these problems are "the most puzzling and complex problems of preventive medicine."

Is the Committee then prepared to acknowledge that it is unaware that, so long as birth control knowledge is withheld from women who consider motherhood in their conditions unwise, just so long will septic abortion continue and increase? Or, if aware, is it prepared to state why it evades the issue?

There is, of course, no puzzle in the business at all, and I commend this report, which, with its omissions, has to be read to be believed, to those who think we live in an age of religious tolerance. It is time the religious bodies of this country shouldered the responsibility for the high maternal death-rate.

JANET CHANCE

Kitelands, Micheldever Station,
Hants.

ROGER FRY

SIR,—I am anxious to get as complete a list as possible of the paintings of my father, Roger Fry.

I shall be very grateful if any of your readers who possess examples of his work would tell me of them, and say whether they would allow me to come to see them, and to photograph them for future reference, though not without special leave, for future publication.

PAMELA DIAMAND

Bouchernes, Heybridge, Essex.

THE LONDON POLICE

SIR,—On Sunday last I had two occasions to address myself to members of the London Police Force.

To inquire as to buses, I addressed myself to a young constable of, I should say, twenty-five years of age. He was tall and muscular, spoke to me with an "Oxford" accent, and was unable to give me the information which I required. I left him with a feeling of relief at parting from an unsociable and unpleasant personality.

Later in the day I met a constable who was an old acquaintance, one of the lovable type of Bobby who has become a tradition among Londoners. I asked him what his feeling was regarding the latest type of police recruits. He said: "I can't say what I think on that matter. All I know is that we are being rapidly Hitlerised in this country. We are taught now to think of the public as our enemies; we used to think of them as our friends. I'm not political myself, but I shall be glad when I'm out of it. I haven't much longer to go now. So I just put up with things, put in my eight hours and then go home to my wife and garden."

It was a trivial but interesting commentary on London life.

54 Durham Road, London, S.W.20. E. H. BARTLETT

MRS. EDDY

SIR,—In the result of Competition 239, published in your issue of October 27th, it is stated that "history records that Mrs. Eddy had a regular medical attendant." Christian scientists rely solely on the ministrations of their religion in time of illness, and the statement referred to is quite untrue. It may interest your readers to know that the last recorded statement of Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, was, "God is my life."

WM. K. PRIMROSE

Christian Science Committees on Publication,
Donington House,
Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2.

[Mr. Mortimer replies: Convincing evidence of Mrs. Eddy's recourse to physicians and to morphia during her later years is to be found in the best authority upon her, the *Life*, by E. F. Dakin (Scribners', 8*s.* 6*d.*).—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

HEINE'S TRANSLATORS

SIR,—At the end of his review of Mrs. Valentin's *Life of Heine* Mr. Nevinson refers with praise to the translations from Heine's poems made by Mr. Philip G. L. Webb. I do not in the least question Mr. Nevinson's judgment, but merely wish to draw the attention of your readers to the very remarkable translations of the late Robert Levy, whose book unfortunately is out of print. Mr. Levy combined a true poetical gift with a fine musical sense, and his "singing" translations of the verses which, as Mr. Nevinson says, "are still sung to exquisite music all round the world," are unsurpassed so far in English, and are used by distinguished singers who before knowing them had used only the original German versions.

DAVID MITRANY

The Lower Farm,
Kingston Blount, Oxford.

LIKING DOGS

SIR,—I was most comforted to read "Y.Y.'s" recent article on "Liking Dogs." Until reading it I had imagined that I was the only Englishman who could not stand these noisy and insanitary animals. For years I have struggled to hide my shame from family and friends, for I was born and bred in a sporting county. I kept it within myself, hidden, like a secret vice.

Eventually, during a dinner party, a few months ago, I was goaded into declaring in clear, unmistakable tones, my abhorrence of the canine species. I stated it clearly and with a fine bravado. A horror-stricken hush silenced the conversation, and all eyes gazed in amazement at my crimson face. After dinner I was informed that my hostess had asked "if I was tight or merely trying to be funny"!

Thank you, "Y.Y." Had I your courage I should sign my real name to this letter instead of "G. E. L."

WOMEN REFUGEES

SIR,—Powerful appeals have already appeared in the public press asking for financial assistance for German refugee students. We crave leave to ask your readers' help in assisting German refugee women graduates who are in like case. A year ago the Christmas Sale at Crosby Hall and donations from members and friends enabled the British Federation of University Women to offer hospitality at Crosby Hall to four distinguished German scholars.

We are still most anxious to help some of these eminent German University women, but everywhere in the world, and not least in this country, the higher education of women is seriously handicapped by lack of adequate endowments. This year, therefore, we are hoping to raise money to help young British graduates of outstanding ability to continue their studies in this or other

countries, and in addition to enable some of the valuable research work which has been undertaken by exiled scholars in this country to be completed.

The Christmas Sale this year will be held at Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on November 10th. It will be opened by Lady Chatterjee at 3 p.m. We appeal to those of your readers who have the cause of international good feeling and the higher education of women at heart to help us by coming to the Sale or by sending donations or gifts in kind to me at Crosby Hall.

Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, London, S.W.3.

IDA SMEDLEY MACLEAN, President, British Federation of University Women, Ltd.

Miscellany

THE STRICKEN GROVE

Enter now the stricken grove.

W. H. AUDEN

HERE in the grove that's forested with bells
They walk who know their own loves' funerals;

Two by two, though oftener one by one,
They seek their shelter from the tolerant sun:

They are but ghosts of their own discontent,
Hugging their private disillusionment,

Laying their withered fingers without heat
Upon the wounded places of the heart,

Cherishing their anguish and their pain
Till the tufted forest cry again

Adonis, Adonis !—O Adonai ! O Lord,
If only we might hear the unlikely word

Spoken aloud to the world as once we heard
Each to himself alone, nor ever feared

The exquisite risk, the danger of despair
Nor any defeat. Now there is nothing there:

Only the sexual birds repeat their cry
And the vibrant lovely snake glides by.

This is the stricken grove: no life is here.
Too late for joy, too proud for hope or fear

They move as shadows: these are they
Who blench not when their bodies turn to clay.

A. L. ROWSE

THE PROBLEM OF CRITICISM

ONE of the commonest of truisms is: "criticism is easy," a remark which signifies the disgust of the man who has made or done something with the man who merely looks on and passes an adverse verdict upon it when it is done. Used in this sense it expresses the truth that it is easy to be wise after the event. It is also true that although the mere expression of one's like or dislike of a thing costs no effort and may therefore be despised, nevertheless that is criticism and we shall find that the most elaborate critical analysis does not lead any farther. What is stranger still is that an elaborate critical analysis may leave the writer (and the reader) in a state of indecision, not really knowing whether he likes or dislikes what he has been criticising. For the words "I like it" or "I dislike it" or "it leaves me indifferent" have a final absoluteness which no argument can achieve, since those remarks express a direct personal experience, and direct personal experience is everything in art as it is in love. The only pertinent comments are: "Who are *you*?" or "You may live to feel differently."

The greatest of French composers once said of the French that they did not understand music but loved to argue about it. This is a common phenomenon. Many men write and lecture about literature, painting and music who have a very poor experience of it; among them are pedagogues and journalists who bully their readers by an assumption of superior knowledge; but it is not apodeictic knowledge that is important in art—the knowledge which consists in knowing dates or facts about literature, music or painting—but aesthetic knowledge, which comes only from having had direct emotional and intellectual experience by personal contact, visual or auditory, with works of art themselves.

What is important is to have a real experience, to hear a piece of music and to like it, dislike it or be unmoved by it. But this must be genuine and a genuine reaction; a genuine direct feeling strong enough to be given some sort of expression is much rarer than most of us would imagine. In the majority of cases people feel very little or nothing at all; then they either pretend to have felt what they think they ought to have felt, or they exaggerate the slight feeling they have had. There is a golden rule in regard to artistic experience, and that is never pretend to any feeling that you have not got. Here again art resembles love. To pretend to feelings when you have none, or to exaggerate what you have—no matter with what good intentions—leads to such confusion that real experience becomes almost impossible.

On the other hand it is stupid to believe that a piece of music one likes is necessarily better than a piece one dislikes or finds boring. Certainly one needs to have lived a considerable time before it is possible to discover that the book or sonata one thought dull or uninspired at twenty strikes one as a work of genius at forty. The opposite also happens. When I was twenty I thought Mozart's music thin and boring and Wagner's magnificent; now I find Mozart's music rich, significant, transcendental, and Wagner's coarse, pretentious and theatrical. It is possible to argue that this does not prove anything more than a difference between the auditor of twenty and the auditor of forty, providing no criterion of the value of the music. The fact that this particular experience of mine has been the experience of others, including many famous musicians, also carries us no farther, being open to the same objection. One may say that all this can prove is that Mozart is music for men in the prime of life and Wagner music for men when they are young. Between the man of twenty and the man of forty who shall judge?

Now it is obviously unsatisfactory to be left in a situation where criticism boils down to nothing more or less than the expression of personal likes and dislikes, and it is made no better by the fact that even this personal expression is not final but is subject to change as the person grows older. The conviction of anyone who is capable of genuine aesthetic experience can be so intensely strong that it is extremely disturbing to find that nevertheless these strong feelings change. If one is very sensitive to the intellectual insecurity of a position which depends upon changing emotions, it is natural to seek for a raft of principle on which to remain safe wherever the waves of emotion and the winds of fashion blow one.

But there is no raft which a storm cannot wreck, and those whose first concern is with safety had better not put to sea even in the most perfectly constructed ship. For just as all manner of ships are the concrete shapes of past sea experience given academic form by a naval architect, so the forms of art prescribed by professors and academic critics are derived from past musical experience. Even in so limited a field of experience as navigation the designs change and man, after all his thousands of years of navigating the sea, has not yet conceived the perfect ship. Yet he has found out some basic principles, one may admit, that must never be ignored. No ship, for example, can be navigated if it sinks immediately it is put to sea. But does this principle, that a ship must first of all float, help a great naval architect to design a better ship than his rivals?

It is my contention that whatever can be put into rules or laws is of such fundamental simplicity that it is no help either to the creator or the critic, but can only assist blockheads to avoid committing suicide.

Are we not driven to the conclusion, if we are open-minded, that it is only experience itself which can serve as a raft on the sea of emotions and ideas? Then I think we shall discover that every fresh experience adds or takes away material or in some way changes us, modifying without obliterating the past. Instead, therefore, of individual criticism being, as superficially described, a merely personal criticism it is actually the answer of an accumulated experience consolidated in a human personality capable of giving a unified response. This provides an empiric test, just as nature provides its tests for the theories of the scientist. All scientific theorising must be brought to the touchstone of nature before its value can be estimated; so all artistic creation must be brought to the touchstone of the human personality before its value can be known. *Hypotheses Non Fingo*, said Newton; and the great composer can also say: "I do not spin notes in a vacuum according to the rules of musical logic, but I express values which can be tested by human experience."

This brings us to the fact that in criticism all value depends upon who makes the criticism. The one eternally pertinent remark to be made on hearing or reading any criticism is: "Who said it?" The critic in Mr. Shaw's *Fanny's First Play* who wanted to know who wrote the play before he passed judgment on it was profoundly wise, not intellectually but by instinct. Surely it is obvious that behind any remark there may be either nothing or a vast experience? What gives value to a remark is the personality behind it and whatever value criticism has springs from the unified experience of the person who utters it. It is this living totality of experience in a human personality that provides the only possible touchstone and criterion of works of art. Let me give a simple concrete example on a small scale! If in a drawing room where she has been responsible for some very poor music my hostess comes up to me and says: "I hate Wagner!" my first impolite inclination would be to say, "I love him." One has to earn the right to make such remarks otherwise they are mere empty gestures in or out of the fashion. The value of Coleridge's criticism of literature is the value of Coleridge in all his genius and experience—and this is true of every critic. There is no non-human, abstract set of principles or laws to be set forth in text-books by which a non-human robot can assess works of art. Nor is there any generalised method to be derived from history, such as dialectical materialism, by which works of art can be properly valued, for any such method can by the nature of things include only the past and never the present. In other words all method is dead; only the living can experience, and among the living there is more life in some than in others.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Theatre Royal

Theatre Royal at the Lyric is one of those very rare plays that both deserve and appear to be destined for an unusually long run. As a play, it has obvious disadvantages. The dialogue is vivid and amusing; but Miss Marie Tempest's protracted and pathetic death scene, as the curtain comes down on the last act, seems a little inappropriate to what is essentially a satirical comedy; while it is difficult to believe in Gilbert Marshall (portrayed by Mr. Tristan Rawson) as the lover whose return from South America so nearly sweeps Julie Cavendish (Miss Madge Titheradge) into the obscurity of non-theatrical life. Otherwise one can only record complete enjoyment. The laurels of the performance go to Miss Madge Titheradge. Miss Marie Tempest plays the part of that formidable old actress, Fanny Cavendish, with her usual firm and distinguished touch; but in the character of her daughter, Julie, Miss Titheradge has a role that "plays itself" and has seized her opportunity with both hands. She—not the matriarch—is the centre of interest. Up and down stairs, through a bewildering variety of moods, she rushes at break-neck speed, doing her best to disentangle her brother (Mr. Laurence Olivier) from one of the many scrapes into which his irresponsible temperament and the possession of a world-famous profile are perpetually precipitating him, arguing with or consoling her refractory daughter, and yet finding time and energy for the multifarious problems of her own emotional and theatrical existence. The result is a brilliant piece of virtuosity. Miss Titheradge plays the part as if she enjoyed every moment of it. Mr. Coward is to be congratulated on having produced the comedy so that it reflects the unceasing bustle and confusion, in which the Cavendishs had their being, without putting the audience in a whirl. . . . Altogether, though it is certainly no masterpiece, *Theatre Royal* is a production that ought not to be missed.

"Royal Baggage"

There is a highly laudable purpose behind Mr. H. T. Wood's historical play at the Little Theatre, and it is a major misfortune for his audiences that his theatre skill is insufficient for it. Charles II, we know, was amorous and witty—two excellent playhouse qualities which have been fully exploited. Mr. Wood, clearly, is unsatisfied with the stock scenes which offer themselves, and has decided that the dramatic value of the Merry Monarch lies in monarchy rather than in merriment. Accordingly, the play's theme is the colossal, long-drawn-out duel of wits between Charles and Shaftesbury, with the inevitable ladies of the court providing an intermittent chorus only. Here is an angle new to the theatre, and one which is immensely worth while. The trouble is that Mr. Wood has no idea how to handle his material. His Shaftesbury is a pompous dummy. The situations, like the diction of the play, are crudely melodramatic and ill-prepared. Pretty well every recorded saying of Nell Gwyn and the King is dragged in, together with a highly improbable episode in the bedroom of the former, based on a tradition which surely belongs to Charles's maternal grandfather. All this acknowledged, it remains to insist again that the central idea is admirable and that the King himself, as played by Mr. Harold Warrender, emerges as a vivid human personality—easily the most authentic Charles that I can remember.

YOU CAN BE

SURE OF

SHELL

Vic-Wells Ballet

The story of *Casse Noisette* is a childish fantasy important only in that, combined with Tchaikovsky's music, it provides a skeleton for a lavishly spectacular ballet. It was originally produced by Ivanov, who had at his disposal the full wealth of material and personnel of the Imperial Ballet. He created it to give opportunity for display of individual talent to everyone, from *prima ballerina assoluta* to leaders of the *corps de ballet*. A scene was designed for the *corps de ballet* alone, and into another he brought even the pupils of the Imperial Ballet School. But above all the purpose was the spectacle. The gorgeousness of the empire period dresses and setting of the first scene should be surpassed by the beauty of both in the second act: The Kingdom of Sweets. For this ballet richness of material and design for the costumes and sumptuousness of the settings are essential if the ballet is to transcend pantomimic pretence. Without these the processional dances in Scene One cannot have the desired air of pageantry. And for pageantry a larger stage is required than that of the Sadlers Wells. Unfortunately the Vic-Wells company, which gave the ballet last Tuesday, have neither the wealth nor the stage at their disposal. And the resulting effect is not always enhanced by the dancers. The mime of the first scene, which is part of the whole fantasy, should be done with seriousness and delicacy, if it is not to degenerate into a burlesque. Particularly the children, and above all Clara must be mimed with feeling, not to appear as grown-ups pretending to be children. The soloists danced their parts with varying degrees of ability, but none as they do in the company's own creations. Mr. Helpmann mimed in the first and danced his slowed variation in the second act very well. He also makes an excellent partner for Miss Markova, who alone realised the full demands of her part. She danced with an ability which few ballerinas could equal.

Art Exhibition

The work of Eugéne Boudin, who died thirty-six years ago, has for too long been overshadowed by the greater and more familiar products of French Impressionism, by the monuments of Monet, Degas, Manet, and Renoir. His is a name, however, which will be remembered, and probably with increasing respect as our perspective sharpens. The exhibition staged at the Tooth Galleries is well timed. It shows at once, if proof is needed, that Boudin is a minor master, and one of a most attractive order; and minor masters, parodoxically enough, generally do not come into their own until some time after death, when the hysterical shouting over the big men has subsided. Boudin was not a great original artist, but he managed to work side by side with Monet for some time without imitating the technique of his great colleague. They were, to put it crudely, after the same thing, out to solve the same problem, but they set about it in different ways. Monet, the original artist, devised entirely original means to arrive at an original end; Boudin sought to adapt traditional means to the same original end. In other words, quite apart from his intrinsic value as a painter he is particularly interesting as an historical figure, as a link between the Impressionists and their precursors in landscape work—with Constable, for instance. It is enough to say of the work shown here that he succeeds admirably in almost everything he sets out to do, and this is primarily the subtle rendering of natural scenes with the emphasis on light. Beginning at *Casino de Trouville*, which was painted in 1868 (soon after Monet had begun his first studies in light), it is interesting and illuminating to follow him through his development and his increasing preoccupation with the moulding powers of light and atmosphere. Incidentally, the very fact that he can only rank as a minor master should do something to restore our sense of proportion in face of certain contemporary painters. From his work one can learn how brilliantly equipped an artist must be if in the long run he is to count in the very least.

Also at Tooth's is an exhibition of drawings by John Skeaping, together with some new carvings. The subject-matter comes from Provence and Spain, and consists chiefly of bull-fights. These, taken in conjunction with his carvings, suggest that Mr. Skeaping's vitality and technical fluency are in excess of his artistic conscience. Taken on their face value there is nothing to be said against them at all, which is a bad sign. It indicates as a rule that there is no impulse to strive or to do anything which does not lie immediately under the hand, and only rare specimens of the supremely great can afford to behave thus. These *objets d'art*, then, are excellently decorative in a superficial way, and one may envy the producer his sense of line and rhythm; but only in one or two samples, such as *A Young Fighting Bull*, is there any hint of further qualities to envy.

Let Heal's make your Bed

COMFORT CALLING

A Heal's French mattress is a perfect blending of the diverse characters of wool and hair. It is so soft and yet so springy that it drowns you in sleep immediately. There can be no greater comfort for the spare room bed. And your guests will appreciate so thoughtful a welcome.

Best French mattress 3 ft. costs £6·6·0. It is particularly comfortable with a "Sommier Elastique Portatif" £4·4·0

HEAL'S

FOR BEDS

Write for our new illustrated bedding booklet "Spring"

Heal & Son Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W1

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 2nd—
"The Master Builder," St. Pancras People's Theatre, Charrington Street, Crowndale Road, 8.
British Women's Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

SATURDAY, November 3rd—
Children's Film Society, Everyman Cinema Theatre, 11.
Song Recital, John Morel, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Schnabel, Queen's Hall, 3.
Royal Choral Society, Conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Albert Hall, 2.30.

SUNDAY, November 4th—
Gerald Heard on "Agnosticism—Now," Conway Hall, 11.
Harry Blech String Quartet, Maurice Hall, Crowndale Road, 6.30.

MONDAY, November 5th—
International Cycle and Motor Cycle Show, Olympia.
"Much Ado About Nothing," Old Vic.
"Miracle at Verdun," Embassy Theatre.

TUESDAY, November 6th—
C. F. Andrews on "What I Saw in India," Friends' House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Don Aurelio Vinas on "Spain on the Eve of the Discovery of America," King's College, 5.30.
Prof. J. C. Flugel on "The Nature of Progress," Conway Hall, 7.
Kenneth Saunders on "Buddhism," Morley College, 8.
Sedition Bill Mock Trial. David Low (accused), Miles Malleson (policeman), Graham Hutton (prosecuting Counsel), Aylmer Vallance (Judge), Kingsley Martin (witness), Friends' Meeting House, Euston Road, 8.
Mischa Elman and Harold Bauer, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, November 7th—
Debate on "That it is the First Duty of British Cinemas to exhibit British Films." Speeches by the Earl of Listowel, the Marquis de Casa Maury and others, 20 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, 8.30.

THURSDAY, November 8th—
Flower Show, Chrysanthemum Society, New Horticultural Hall.
Dr. Percy Dearmer on "Church Before Party; The Westminster Group," St. Edmunds, Lombard Street, 1.10.
Delius Memorial Concert, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

DR. JOHN PARTRIDGE, the astrologer and almanack maker, has suffered from a long persecution. He was first nearly driven into his grave by Swift, who predicted his death on March 28th, 1708, on which night we learn:

> My wife, with a concern more than usual, prevailed on me to take somewhat to sweat for a cold; and, between the hours of eight and nine, to go to bed: the maid, as she was warming my bed, with a curiosity natural to young wenches, runs to the window, and asks of one passing the street, who the bell tolled for. Dr. Partridge, says he, the famous almanack maker, who died suddenly this evening.

Shortly afterwards a man arrived to hang the house in mourning, and scarcely had he been sent about his business when Ned the sexton came knocking at the door to inquire whether Doctor Partridge's grave should be plain or bricked.

> Why, sirrah, says I, you know me well enough. You know I am not dead, and dare you affront me after this manner? Alack-a-day, Sir, replies the fellow, why it is in print, and the whole world knows you are dead; why there is Mr. White the joiner is but fitting screws to your coffin, he will be here in an instant.

We may assume that this account is as untrustworthy as the prediction itself, and as Swift's asseverations that it had been fulfilled. But though the wretched Partridge insisted on living on, we now have evidence that he must have grown weary of life in the nineteen years that followed before he was laid to rest. For he has just been called back from his grave as ruthlessly as he was prematurely hustled towards it, and the result is *Dr. Partridge's Almanack for* 1935, *with an account of his resurrection from the grave, also a brief exposition of his religious and astrological teaching collected and set forth by George Beaton* (Chatto and Windus, 5*s*.). George Beaton will be remembered as the author of *Jack Robinson* (Chatto and Windus, 7*s*. 6*d*.), a novel which revealed a new writer of great original talent. This almanack is an earlier work, but I know of very few passages of prose by a living writer which can compare in beauty with the description of Partridge's resurrection, an event which, we learn with surprise, took place under a familiar house in Fitzroy Street.

> Last are those fresh bodies that come shrieking out of life with the smell of its atrocities still clinging to their nostrils. And though they lie inert and sightless and the corpse-worms slide like silken threads through their dull substance, and the loss of those they loved is agony, and the cold is bitter, and the solitude more freezing still, they taste the full happiness of release from life—from the deep wretchedness of human nature and from the wild fatuity of human existence.
>
> Up to the level of this latter hierarchy, floating upon the tremor of pity that shook his undiminished flesh, the Corpse Partridge steadily rose—passing on his way the skulls and ossaments of near on two centuries. And from every side the voices of his fellow corpses began to drum in through walls and bandages upon his lifeless ear:
>
> *Fly, Run, Leap, Swim, Plunge, Scuttle* he heard the voices say *from the sinking ship, the crumbling city, the burning land. Seek security, peace, virtue, honour, fidelity in the grave.*
>
> As he lay on his back bound and sear-eyed he saw falling in flocks out of the sky, plunging, diving, turning over and over in their flight, the race of bodies that fall at each moment into death out of living existence. Some wet as though engorged by the sea, their life memories herded together in their eyes, others from the guns and bayonets of war, maimed, hashed, cut, sliced, blood-covered. Some were yellow from fevers, some haggard from doctors and their medicines, some leaden and dull and fretted like ferns from excess of life; others were pale and beautified, fresh from the spongings of their women and beaded over, as with drops of dew, with sighs and tears. And all like great birds that have been shot down out of the air fell with a loud splash into the water. And as they sank beneath it, they one and all without exception cried out: *We fly, we run, we leap, we swim, we skelter from the horror of human life—to seek our refuge in the grave.*

* * *

Partridge, who was so reluctant to leave life, who so ungraciously declined the arrangements which a great ornament and dignitary of the Church had provided for his end, is now the apologist and propagandist of the tomb. There is no gainsaying the wisdom that these two hundred years have taught him. Looking at mankind he sees in their lives:

> A strange duplication: they were not content simply to feel and act—they had evolved side by side with their effective life a network of habits of talking, dreaming and asserting. Their habits were as a rule in direct contradiction to their actions. Carried by a swift current down a stream, their conscious life was devoted to the pretence that they travelled up it, the sole object of these habits, he could see, was to make life bearable by distorting it. "Let them cease their existence," he said to himself, "and they will be happy. Let them give up conflict, sole cause of pain. Let them acquiesce in the flow of that subterranean river."

A propagandist for the tomb is not likely to find a wide following among such irrational creatures as mankind, and those persons who cannot let their minds play with thoughts of death will not enjoy reading *Dr. Partridge*. A minority, however, though they may be as reluctant to take up their eternal abodes as the old astrologer was himself, will treasure every word and burst out laughing as they read:

> But to what purpose continue this narrative to its foreseen conclusion? The sadness of preparation ended, the pursuit began. Partridge is here alive now, awaiting, resolving, entreating, demanding YOUR DEATH.

* * *

A logical but untenable philosophy indeed, and Mr. Beaton disclaims it, telling us that he finds one of the chief pleasures of writing to be impersonation. That is always the way of the creative artist, but I do not think he would have written so well of them, had he not looked for many days on the multitudinous dead of Passchendaele and Ypres. He explains his odd book thus:

> I have attempted to build up a state of extreme melancholy and horror, which then in all sorts of manners, starting from a sense of its own inherent absurdity—or it might be better to say, from an inability of the mind to sustain it—breaks down into trifles. So children raise images of ghosts and monsters, and reassure themselves by laughing at them.

To my mind that is not quite the whole story: to me the nobility of Mr. Beaton's language robs the bogy of its terrors: I am spellbound and enchanted, hearing that *Leaden Echo* of which Hopkins wrote. To me it is the leaden echo that gives meaning and emotional value to each "*wimpled-water-dimpled, not-by-morning-matched face*," and it is because of that leaden echo that I can laugh so gaily and uproariously at Mr. Beaton's trifles.

* * *

I have laid too much stress on the gloom of *Dr. Partridge* because I am afraid many readers will skip the worms and jump to the prophecies—jokes that will delight some and irritate or mystify others. It is essential to read the whole book and keep the almanack to the last. Though I have quoted a great deal, I will give a sample page of predictions:

> Dec. 7. St. Pancras governs the pancreas.
>
> If you ever travel by the G.N.R. when you could equally well reach your destination by the M.R., your inside will suffer for it.
>
> 10. St. Thomas.
>
> On this day the human race will grow tired of always eating beef and pork and veal and eggs and cod, and will demand of God to feed it upon something different.
>
> 16. O Sapientia.
>
> You were born to eat, cough, laugh, sniff, kiss and talk. These are the particular atoms of which human life is composed. Learn then that there is no especial merit in any of them.
>
> 18. St. Flora.
>
> Little flowers of the field, the raging of the lawyers, admirals, Nazis and stormy pacifists is lost on you. You may therefore bend upwards to the light and grow.
>
> 22. The shortest day of the year. Therefore the luckiest.

I am sorry to see that the last entry is that throughout the whole of 1936 the human race is condemned to live without an almanack. My hope is that by then, if not before, Mr. Beaton will have published another book to take its place. So long as he provides me with a supply of his strange comestibles and catsups, I can go on week after week with the beef and pork, veal and eggs and cod of current literature.

DAVID GARNETT

THE MORALE OF PASSCHENDAELE

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Vol. IV. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 21s.

I have seen Mr. Lloyd George's attack on Lord Haig and Sir William Robertson described as "truthful but bitter." If his charges are true, no words in the English language can be too bitter. We have been accustomed to excuse these soldiers, to say that, after all, even genius blunders sometimes, that they were doing their best and that, if their 1916 and 1917 campaigns did result in hundreds of thousands of totally futile deaths, they were no doubt acting on the best expert advice and erring through no fault of their own. Perhaps it was the Cabinet's fault, the result of the layman's interference with the soldier on the spot? Mr. Lloyd George sweeps away all these excuses. With a crushing array of official documents he shows that Passchendaele, the most ghastly and unjustifiable of all battles, was fought against the best expert advice and against the weight of Cabinet opinion. It had been agreed that this campaign should only be undertaken in certain defined circumstances. By pretending that these circumstances were present and by withholding material facts and failing to report expert advice Haig succeeded in persuading some members of the Cabinet to accept his policy and the rest to acquiesce. "The truth that mattered," says Mr. Lloyd George, "was wilfully and skilfully kept" from the Cabinet's cognisance.

Mr. Lloyd George gives the complete text of a most convincing memorandum in which he summarised the objections to the Passchendaele attack at the time. He is not here indulging in "wisdom after the event." He was passionately opposed to the gratuitous slaughter of the Flanders frontal attack in 1917 and his only apology to-day is for failing to dismiss Haig and Robertson when they insisted on their plan in spite of the objections which he, Milner and Bonar Law brought against it. But he explains very clearly why he did not do so. He did not know then how strong his case was, since Haig hid from the Cabinet that the French generals had only reluctantly accepted his policy and he did not then know about the impassable mud which the Tank Corps correctly anticipated. He might not have carried all the War Cabinet with him if he had gone to the length of vetoing the Commander-in-Chief's programme. Haig and Robertson would probably have resigned and he would have been faced at a very critical moment of the war with a combined onslaught from the politicians and newspapers who believed in Haig and who were even more deceived than the Cabinet by the lies "distilled" from General Charteris' propaganda department. Most important of all, he could find no British general noticeably more imaginative and intelligent to take Haig's place. About all this Mr. Lloyd George is frank and convincing. And yet so appalling were the horrors of Passchendaele in which hundreds of thousands of men were driven over and into a sea of mud, every yard of which was covered by the enemies' guns, that one is not surprised to find him ending his argument as follows:

> Accordingly the soldiers had their way. And it is one of the bitter ironies of war that I, who have been ruthlessly assailed in books, in the Press and in speeches for "interfering with the soldiers," should carry with me as my most painful regret the memory that on this issue I did *not* justify that charge.

It is much to be regretted that Lord Haig and Sir William Robertson are not alive to answer the charges in this book. They are fully documented and can only be refuted, if at all, by other documents. Vague rebuttals from their admirers will not suffice. They are charged not only with blunders, but with disloyalty to the soldiers under their care and disloyalty to the Cabinet whom they were supposed to serve. Mr. Lloyd George quotes documents which show that Robertson had the gravest doubts about the Passchendaele campaign, but preferred to back the Commander-in-Chief even at the expense of disloyalty to the Cabinet. Haig had not even this excuse of divided loyalty. Even when General Gough told him of the impossible conditions to which he was condemning men—conditions which are the nearest earthly parallel to the boiling blood and burning rain of Dante's *Inferno*—he refused to listen and did not report to the Cabinet General Gough's first-hand account of conditions which he had not, as Mr. Lloyd George says, even seen through a telescope. It is astonishing to read to-day in these authoritative *Memoirs* a vehement repetition of the common soldier's bitterest complaint against the "brass-hats." No doubt they had to work in safety "on carefully prepared charts where the advancing battalions were represented by the pencil which marched with ease across swamps and marked lines of triumphant progress without the loss of a single point. As for the mud, it never incommoded the movements of this irresistible Pencil." But they might have listened when they were told of hundreds of men drowned in the mud. As it is we have here an authoritative justification for the bitterest war poems of Siegfried Sassoon. The general did, in fact, "murder them all by his plan of attack." He did, on Mr. Lloyd George's showing, prefer to slaughter his troops to climbing down an inch from his own lunatic plan.

Mr. Lloyd George's volume contains much that is important apart from the seven great chapters on Passchendaele. Particularly interesting is his account of the Stockholm incident. One would like to hear Mr. Henderson's side of the story. Mr. Lloyd George also makes great fun of Mr. MacDonald. But one no longer expects Mr. MacDonald to defend his past. What I miss once again in Mr. Lloyd George's brilliant narrative is any thought of the ends he served. He tells us how cleverly the Government prevented Labour in this country from getting into touch at Stockholm with Labour representatives from the enemy countries. Would it not have been a good thing for the world if the "morale" on both sides had been broken down? He argues that the various offers of peace in 1917 would not have brought a good or a lasting peace. Germany would have come off best. Well, did we get a good or a lasting peace by victory? He talks of the Russian revolution as if it were a tragedy, because it weakened the allies. There has certainly been plenty of tragedy about the Russian revolution; much of the worst of it was the result of allied intervention after the war when Mr. Lloyd George was still Premier. But can any person with an historical mind to-day doubt that the destruction of Tsardom (and Mr. Lloyd George told us in Volume III what Tsardom was like) and the victory of Lenin, accompanied by cruelty and repression as it was—could anyone to-day doubt that this was the one certainly good thing that emerged from the war? Again, Mr. Lloyd George thinks of the mutiny in France after the Nivelle campaign only as a dangerous breakdown of allied morale. He refers in passing to the appalling story of the 15,000 Russians who were fighting on the Western front and who voted to go on fighting even after the Russian Revolution. Six thousand of them were butchered in the front line. The remnant asked to go home. They were rounded up and shot down by French artillery. It is odd that a man of Mr. Lloyd George's imagination and humanitarian instincts does not even to-day see the real tragedy of these events—the tragedy that these revolts of common sense by tortured men did not succeed, did not bring the war to a close and deprive the generals, whom we now know they rightly estimated, of the power of life and death with which only a mad world would ever have endowed them.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

CHARLES JAMES FOX

Fox. By CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE. *Constable.* 12s. 6d.

Whatever one's own view of the character of Charles James Fox—and the view presented by Mr. Christopher Hobhouse does not err on the side of hero-worship—there is no doubt that his study of that prodigious and fascinating personage is one of the best political biographies that have appeared for some long time. In the first place, it is uncommonly well written. Making Burke his model, Mr. Hobhouse has achieved a prose style which is elegant without being archaistic, and condensed and precise without being in the smallest degree arid. No reader who has himself attempted the narrative of a long, confused, exciting and overcrowded career can fail to recognise the very remarkable skill with which Mr. Hobhouse has collected and selected the relevant facts and has marshalled them into sentences and paragraphs. The effect of the book is clear and straightforward. Mr. Hobhouse has steered an unusually direct course between the Scylla of orthodox political history—where deep dullness is apt to engulf less-fortunate travellers—and the Charybdis of picturesque personality-mongering. His book is the careful study of an important career; but, through the career, we are always conscious of a living man.

The method adopted is both personal and political. Mr. Hobhouse has refused many tempting opportunities; and, although there are chapters in which the austerity of his attitude seems almost excessive, that touch of puritanism is probably his greatest strength. We appreciate it in the neatness of his prose. Just as Mr. Hobhouse has resisted the temptation of drawing a diffuse and highly coloured portrait in the modern manner, so

as he declined the slipshod and facile approach generally associated with a modern biography. Thus, his paragraphs are economically and compactly built. Mr. Hobhouse makes lavish use of the colon and, as an example of his style with its frequent antitheses, its short nervous rhythm and the air of restrained gusto that pervades the narrative, I cannot do better than quote the following passage, in which he attempts to define the political character of the great man on whose literary achievement his own prose style would appear to have been cleverly and closely moulded :

> The paradox of Burke's strange ill-balanced mind has often been laboured. The root fact is that he was much more than a politician. His equipment for politics was supreme, but his judgment was often swayed by his poetical instincts. . . . One of the altars that Burke had set up in his mind was the British constitution. Deep study of its history had convinced him of its merits : its haphazard intricacy fascinated his sense of texture : but its continuity alone would have sufficed to make him love it. He loved its very faults ; he would not part with a jot or a tittle of it, or level out one solitary inequality. He invested it with Miltonic grandeur, and credited it with a legendary influence on our history. If it was his chosen task to keep the constitution free from the stain of corruption, he must also keep it safe from the experiments of a meddling generation. So he discriminated between one reform and another. He abominated change, but loved decay. Economical reform was the removal of a blot on the constitution : but parliamentary reform was a detestable innovation. . . . To the common people, and to the leaders of their thought, it was clear that the state of the representation was intimately connected with the corruption of Parliament. The former made the latter possible, and the latter created a vested interest in the continuance of the former. But to Burke they were poles apart. His was the life and soul of the movement for economical reform : against parliamentary reform he slammed the door.

If one compares this passage with a passage of the same sort composed by Lytton Strachey, one notices that, whereas Strachey is continually drawing away from politics in the direction of personalities—from a man's public career towards the mysterious personal essence that underlay it—by Mr. Hobhouse the direction is reversed. Political intrigue genuinely fascinates him ; he has a knack of so communicating his enthusiasm that the interactions —to take an obvious instance—of the different sections of the Whig party—the little cliques that gathered round Lords Rockingham, Shelburne and other extinct political monsters—become not only comprehensible but positively interesting. Moreover, he succeeds in keeping the detail clear. The political intrigues among which Fox lived his violent, intemperate and enthusiastic life were extremely complex ; the major questions of the period were exceedingly grave ; and there is a danger that we may lose sight of the man himself. Politics were the very breath of Fox's existence ; but he was something larger and more enduring than a political strategist.

First and foremost, he was an extraordinarily solid human being. Solid in his humanity, if now and then somewhat shaky in his principles—as when, after a bitter campaign waged against Lord North during the early stages of the American War, he came to terms with him in the ill-fated coalition of 1783—Fox was a man whom his friends loved and to whom even his enemies —and they were numerous—could not deny rare gifts and a good heart. They complained, however, that these gifts had been prostituted. . . . Mr. Hobhouse's book is neither a defence of Fox, written from the Liberal point of view, nor is it—except occasionally by implication—an attack on Fox and all that, as a political figure, he represented. He admits that Fox was inconsistent ; he suggests that—as in his feud with Lord Shelburne —prejudices inherited from his father were allowed to influence his judgment in later life ; that the Friend of the People was sometimes unscrupulous and always erratic ; he cannot escape from his subject's personal charm. It remains as powerful and fresh as during his lifetime ; his vitality irradiates everything he said and did.

Fox was above all things a creature of appetites ; and to a generation whose vitality is low, whose enjoyments soon pall, there is no spectacle more invigorating than that of a man who combined strong appetites with strong sense, who worked and idled, schemed and dissipated, with equal facility. His power of endurance made him a legend. " On one occasion it has been recorded that he played faro at Almack's for twenty-two consecutive hours, from seven on Tuesday till five on Wednesday, losing on balance eleven thousand pounds ; on the Thursday, spoke and voted in an important debate on the Thirty-Nine Articles ; sat up drinking at White's from eleven that night till seven next morning ; and crossed to Almack's, where he won

"Words, Words, Words ——"

THE Autumn Literary Season is now in full swing. Books are pouring from the presses every day, and the avalanche seems unlikely to subside before Christmas.

Many of these volumes are from the pens of new authors. How many of them will succeed ? Judged by the experience of many past seasons, comparatively few will even exhaust their first editions. Some of us would lay the blame upon the publishing houses for lack of discrimination. Yet a publisher's life is nothing if not a gamble : he must find something to publish, even if he is dubious of its chances of success. One never knows but that some popular reviewer may take a fancy to the book and create for it a sensational demand. Perhaps. . . .

More probably, the book will only receive a notice as damning to its chances as the following, which actually appeared in recent issues of a literary weekly.

> " Mr. —— is a rhetorician ; words, words, words, violent, literary, false, tumble over nearly 600 pages."
>
> " Adjectives and metaphors of appalling banality drip from Miss ——'s pen."
>
> " There is too much hackneyed description and cheap jocosity in Mr. ——'s book."

A different story might have been told if these authors had sought expert advice before compiling their MSS. ! The remark applies equally to writers of articles or of short stories. It matters not how able a writer of English a man may be, how fertile he may be in subjects for articles or plots for stories, he has yet to learn *how* those articles and stories should be written before they can be regarded as suitable for publication.

The gaining of the required knowledge is neither an arduous nor an expensive matter, thanks to the very sound and practical methods of instruction (by correspondence) pursued with such signal success by The London School of Journalism.

The School has earned the confidence of the Press and of all who have committed themselves to its care. This is evidenced by the favourable comments passed upon its work by such responsible organs as *The Spectator*, *Truth*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, *Review of Reviews*, *Public Opinion*, and others. Hundreds of letters have been received by the School in which the writers speak with real gratitude of the success they have attained and the large part played by the School in its achievement.

The Spectator says : " I can only envy those who have received such sympathetic and highly skilled instruction."

The Morning Post says : " Instruction from such a source is, of course, priceless."

Should the possibilities of " free-lance " literary work interest readers of *The New Statesman*, they are recommended to investigate those possibilities by getting into touch with the School.

A good practical plan would be to send a short MS. of any kind (by way of example), which will enable Sir Max Pemberton, Director of Studies, to pronounce an opinion as to the writer's chances of success. No fee is charged for this preliminary advice, which has proved so helpful to many, and no obligation is incurred.

Full particulars of the School's Courses, Fees, etc., with a great deal of useful and interesting information, will be found in the Prospectus, which will be sent post free on application to :

The Enquiry Bureau,

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

57 GORDON SQUARE, W.C.1.

(Museum 4574.)

back six thousand pounds before leaving London for Newmarket on Friday. . . ." Even his swart dishevelment, and the rapid extemporised character of his best speeches, seemed to betoken prodigious energy; and "when the 'black animal' (writes Mr. Hobhouse, describing the famous Westminster Election) mounted the hustings in Covent Garden Piazza, and launched forth into one of his nervous and intemperate harangues, 'blowing, and sweltering, and scratching his black behind,' why, there was no resisting him. . . ." A glimpse of Mr. Hobhouse's admirable frontispiece makes the photograph of a modern statesman look oddly unreal.

PETER QUENNELL

WHAT GREECE'S GLORY WAS

A Biography of the Greek People. By C. F. LAVELL. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Greek Geography. By E. H. WARMINGTON. *Dent.* 5*s.*

There was an excellent reason for writing this new history of ancient Greece; there existed no book which explained what the Greeks had achieved and why they still mattered. Its predecessors were choked with irrelevant details of wars between one tiny State and another, to the detriment of such slight attempts at cultural history as their authors had seen fit to include. The new history (like most of them) virtually ends at Alexander, but more excusably: its purpose is to trace the growth of what made Greece unique; and the successes of the Greek genius in later times, after the loss of national independence, were largely won in different fields and may be regarded as another story. It is a commendably short book, but its brevity has cost too much. In the first place, the weaknesses of Greece have been passed over, with the exception of its political instability, as unimportant in what is admittedly a valuation of its strong points. This attitude is hard to justify, if any narrative history is to be included (and there are several chapters of it). The dependence upon imported slaves for labour, and upon foreign trade for their food, must explain the violence of politics in a barren country with "poor whites" and struggling cultivators, while the domesticity of the women and the resultant homosexual trend encouraged civic instead of home life.

The author himself remarks that his *Biography of the Greek People* has turned into an estimate of its great men, and this, too, has led to a one-sided outlook to a greater extent than might legitimately have been expected. The number of great men among the ancient Greeks is large enough for choice, and the choice in this book seems to me unjustifiable. It makes an admirable start in the consideration of Homer and Hesiod, and proceeds, after some uninspired narrative of important events, to show (again admirably) why Socrates became socially pernicious but immortal; and why Plato was driven, as a refuge from a politically imbecile world, to invent ideal States and find in day-dreams a new hope and goal for man. Nothing, however, is said of Aristophanes' robust attitude of making the best of this world, which must, I should have thought, have been more general among decent Greeks, and was obviously more likely to encourage them to do their jobs. To reconstruct Athens as a city of Plato and no Aristophanes is as bad as to accept Mr. J. L. Garvin as a better representative of the English spirit than Mr. George Robey. But unhappily the book seems to have a bias for the more abstract forms of theological speculation. Aristotle appears in it mainly as a theologian, regardless of his invention of empirical science, of his investigation of the social and economic structure, of his analyses of the uses of speech. Mr. Lavell starts at the first classification of the gods and ends at the fade-out of the Deity into Duty, as though that were the greatest of the Greek achievements. It is great enough; but Buddha did as much. The Greek rationalism shows to better advantage, when compared with any other ancient people, in the scientific outlook. In sheer knowledge of facts, as, for example, in mathematics and astronomy, it took the Greeks a long time to catch up with the Egyptians and Babylonians, but their manner of approach to scientific questions was incomparably more advanced. The Babylonians forestalled them in learning to calculate lunar eclipses, but the Greeks never descended to the Babylonian habit of taking an eclipse to prognosticate something totally unconnected with the moon. The notion of causality apparently came naturally to Greeks, whereas for many centuries Asiatics of great learning stored up thousands of prognostications of the type: "If a black dog shall enter the temple, the king of that city shall die." The world's debt to Greece for abolishing that kind of obsessing nonsense is, to my mind, heavier than its debt for any theological abstractions, even on the supposition that these were responsible for the features which made Christianity more generally acceptable than Judaism. As for the chapter on Greek artistic ideals, it is altogether inadequate; the views on sculpture and minor arts are borrowed from a publication of thirty years ago and do not answer the inquiries of a new generation, while no attempt is made to explain the architectural outlook. Worringer and Spengler have done so with considerable success, but to be understood their work requires a wider and deeper knowledge of antiquities in general than Mr. Lavell has displayed. Incidentally he might have put more life into his history if he had been (or had shown himself) familiar with modern Greece, for the physical conditions of the country have manifestly affected its population in the same way at all times. The disproportionate number of Greek millionaires, the career of M. Venizelos, the dispersal of modern Greek traders over vast areas of Africa, America and Asia, have a repetitive air to the classical scholar.

The enterprise of the ancient Greeks in exploring, trading with and settling in half the known world, meets with scarcely more recognition from Mr. Lavell than their scientific attainments. In each case the gap is largely filled by the volume on *Greek Geography*, one of a series, each of which contains an introduction and translations of representative passages from Greek authors. The method of the series suits the sections on cosmology and geographical theory but may confuse the reader of the topographical descriptions. A set of maps would have made it possible to realise fluctuations in the extent of geographical knowledge from time to time; as it is there are few notes, and those looking through the quotations have to depend largely on occasional identifications of places given in brackets. (A few more queries might have been added before the modern place-names; for example, the landmarks noted by the Carthaginian explorers of West Africa have been identified differently by persons familiar with the coast.) The translations are good and reliable, being all the work of the editor. He has, however, interpreted his subject rather strictly, cutting out accounts of the manner of life in each district as though it were not his business. Most people would have preferred the sacrifice of some passages descriptive of places (which are, of course, described more accurately in any modern encyclopaedia). It is always interesting to see how variously human life has adapted itself to geographical conditions, which are themselves practically invariable. At least, none of the evidence brought together here (and it is thoroughly representative) suggests that climatic changes have taken place in the last 2,500 years. While the only physical difference to be noted is a growth of alluvial plain at the mouths of certain rivers, the changes in human geography have been prodigious, and a companion volume on Greek Anthropology would be well worth while, even though it would involve reprinting some of the material contained in this.

A. W. LAWRENCE

CLIMBING

An Alpine Journey. By F. S. SMYTHE. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Mr. Smythe is what the clap-trap journalists would call a lone climber. It is lucky for him that he is not feminine. For they would then go one better: lone girl climber. But fortunately the pursuit of even guideless and solitary mountaineering is not quite sensational enough to be even second-page news, except of course when it ends in death. Contrary to Shirley's belief, death is no longer a leveller. It raises up—to the heights of the front page. Thus if Mr. Smythe had slipped off the Jungfrau he would have had the satisfaction, very doubtful for him, of knowing that he was about to be raised up—and far higher than ever his solitary attempt in the last 2,000 feet of Everest had taken him. (He must be the only man on earth who has slept alone at 28,000 feet: yet who hears of that?). As it is, he returns safely, writes a modest and charming account of his journey, and is lucky if he adds a millimetre to his stature. Truly the mountaineer's text might be "the higher the fewer."

Mr. Smythe has two distinctions: he is an extremely fine mountaineer, and he is a good, though not superlatively good, writer. And it was almost as much as a writer as a mountaineer, I fancy, that he planned in the early spring of this year a journey across the Alps from Bludenz in Austria, to Montreux. Otherwise he would not have said: "It was a journey undertaken with the object of seeing as much as possible of Alpine Switzerland, its mountains, passes, alps, valleys, villages, towns and people, and of recapturing something of the charm of mountain travel so delightfully described by the pioneers of Alpine mountaineering and which breathes from the pages of *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*."

Man of Aran
by Pat Mullen

Recommended by the Book Society.

'A delightful book, as amusing as it is exciting . . . the most original book about the making of a film ever written . . . a delight in physical courage that infects the reader like a tale from heroic literature.' — Robert Lynd: *News-Chronicle.* *With 16 photographs.* 8/6

The Sphinx Problem Book
by Hubert Phillips

A fascinating new volume by 'Caliban,' author of *The Week-end Problem Book.* 6/-

After Hitler's Fall
Prince Hubertus Loewenstein

'The sincerity and earnest idealism displayed by Prince Loewenstein in his first book are still more strikingly shown . . . certainly makes good reading.'—*Times Literary Supplement.* 'This remarkable work.'—*Spectator.* 7/6

A Publisher Speaking
by Geoffrey Faber

'Extremely interesting.'—*New Statesman.* 'Informative, shrewd and encouraging, worth the attention of everyone fascinated by the ritual of bookmaking and selling.'—*Morning Post.* 3/6

The Holy Mountain
by Bhagwān Shri Hamsa

With an introduction by W. B. YEATS.

'An account of a hard and hazardous pilgrimage to an almost inaccessible mountain in Tibet . . . this book of transparent honesty, simple dignity, shining faith.'—*Country Life.* *Illustrated.* 8/6

The Endless Furrow
a novel by A. G. Street

'Certainly his best. A really creative artist with a fine sense of character.'—*Country Life.* 'The best novel I've met this season.'—*New English Weekly.* 7/6

Do You Remember?
J. J. Bell

Even more delightful than the author's previous volume, *I Remember*, as a record of the interests and enjoyment of the middle class in its golden age. A PORPOISE PRESS BOOK. 7/6

Butcher's Broom
a novel by Neil M. Gunn

'In scope, in quality, in sheer artistic value is streets ahead of *Morning Tide* . . a moving and passionate re-creation'—*Scotsman.* A PORPOISE PRESS BOOK. 7/6

Traitor's Gait
a romance by Robert Craig

'An exceptionally vivid and admirably written romance of Scotland. Stevenson himself might have been proud to have written this book.'—Compton Mackenzie: *Daily Mail.* A PORPOISE PRESS BOOK. 7/6

Lightship
a novel by Archie Binns

'A varied, human, immensely exciting tale.'—*Daily Herald.* There are 'very few books about ships in which, instead of a neutral mob, we get the men as Mr. Binns shows them, each in his own shoes.'—H. M. Tomlinson: *Observer.* 7/6

My Best Play

Chosen by Clifford Bax, Clemence Dane, Somerset Maugham, John van Druten, A. A. Milne, C. K. Munro, Lennox Robinson and Noel Coward. 600 *pages.* 8/6

Poker: *how to play and win*
by Maurice Ellinger

With a preface by HUBERT PHILLIPS.

This is the first book ever published in this country not only of Straight-Poker and Jack-Pots, but also of Freak-Pots, Stud-Pots and Choice-Pots. The chapter on Psychology, if mastered, will be sufficient to make most losing players winners. 6/-

To be published November 8

Cathedral Carol Service by Hugh Walpole 2/6

Vienna a poem by Stephen Spender 2/6

Homage to Sextus Propertius by Ezra Pound 2/6

FABER & FABER

Here one can plainly see the writer with his eye cocked for the good things. Unfortunately, when the good things appear, mountaineers are not always as good at describing them. On mountains of special magnificence the Deity, represented by the Divine Hand or the Divine Sculptor or even the Divine Engineer, keeps creeping in. In valleys, especially in spring valleys, with flowers, he makes an appearance as an artist: the Divine Artist, the Divine Brush. Almost all mountaineers are guilty of this. Even Mr. Smythe is guilty. He talks—true, without capitals—of a divine hand, a divine skill, a divine harmony. Yet he is, for the most part, a pedestrian writer, not at all given to purple flights. Fixed firmly on his feet, he writes very well: "It was a calm evening. There were no clouds in the sky and no wind in the pine-tops." He is also a pungent and witty observer of people—not excluding himself. He tells an excellent story of how, intent on regarding in a gasthof a picture of *The Man Who Left Without Paying For His Cigars*, he himself got up and left without paying for his beer. He weighs up the Swiss, especially the Sunday Swiss, very deftly. He never loses a chance of irony at the expense of war-mongers and peace-mongers. Flowers delight him; and children, and old towns, and tunnels in mountains. And always, above everything, the mountains themselves. There is much he can still learn about writing: but there is precious little, in my humble terrestrial opinion, that he can learn about heights. He possesses superlative technique, craft and craftiness, instinct, rhythm, courage, snow-knowledge and weather-knowledge. A hundred years ago he would have been locked up as a lunatic—if he had existed at all. To-day his journey, alone, over the backbone of the Alps, at a treacherous period of the year, excites no more comment than a flight to Paris. So, rightly, he has embodied it in a book—a book which, his publisher remarks, is probably the first of its kind. This is not quite true: there have been other mountain books, notably Lord Conway's, to which it may be likened. But this does not concern me. What I hope is that it will not by any means be the last of its kind.

Nor is it quite true to say that Mr. Smythe travelled alone. He took with him a camera; and judging from the forty-eight photographs he prints, it was as much alive as he was.

H. E. BATES

Back in the 1960's

BY JOHN CLOAG

when the Nordelf process for the rejuvenation of old men was new; when the Communist-Fascist coalition was struggling for power; and when the Christians had been driven out of Germany because Christ was a Jew: back in the 1960's the scene of this witty and imaginative novel is laid.

7s. 6d.

Allen & Unwin Ltd

WINTER'S YOUTH

THE ETERNAL SCHOOLBOY

Make It New: Essays by EZRA POUND. *Faber and Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Pound's readers must often have wished that he would contrive to make it a little newer, but they will be disappointed once again. He has not taken his own hint in this volume. It is a collection of essays mostly twenty-odd years old, and suitable, perhaps, for review articles, which they were originally, but rather absurd or even impertinent in book form. "French Poets," for instance, is nothing but the most haphazard, the scrappiest of anthologies, with occasional remarks by Mr. Pound, as that Moréas's poetry has a "Gothic" side, or that Jammes's *simplesse* can be irritating. One might suppose the critic had bent his faculties to the humble task of giving beginners a general introduction to these poets; perhaps he meant that, but he is psychologically incapable of achieving it—he cannot see any subject as a whole, and he cannot consider his audience for a page together. For instance, in the section on Moréas, he quotes a bit of "Gothic" poetry; compares it (a pointer dead in the wrong direction) to William Morris; compares modern Gothic poets (worse and worse) to Charles d'Orléans; rambles for a paragraph, and then sums up: "However, I believe Moréas was a real poet." The reader has been given hardly a glimpse of Moréas, and is left without the faintest idea what was good about him. Of Stuart Merrill he says: "I know that I have seen somewhere a beautiful and effective ballad of Merrill's." Then a couple of random quotations—three or four lines each—and that is all. But what are Mr. Pound's dim scraps of recollection to the reader—to *any* reader, however ignorant, however "general"? How can a critic so little interested in his subject expect the public to be so much interested in his conclusions?

The answer is that Mr. Pound remains a schoolboy. He *is* interested—a little in the subject, inordinately in any idea, however vague, that he may have had about it. He reminds one just a little of Bloch as a schoolboy—at the period when he and the hero were addressing each other as "cher maître." He even employs Bloch's idiom, or very nearly.

> Further attempt to answer Mr. Eliot's indirect query as to "What Mr. P. believes," would be perhaps out of place at this juncture. I have, I think, at no time attempted to conceal my beliefs from my so eminent colleague. . . .
>
> As to what I believe:
>
> I believe the *Ta Hio*.
>
> When a dozen people have convinced me that they understand that so lucid work, I may see reason for attempting a more elaborate exposition . . . .

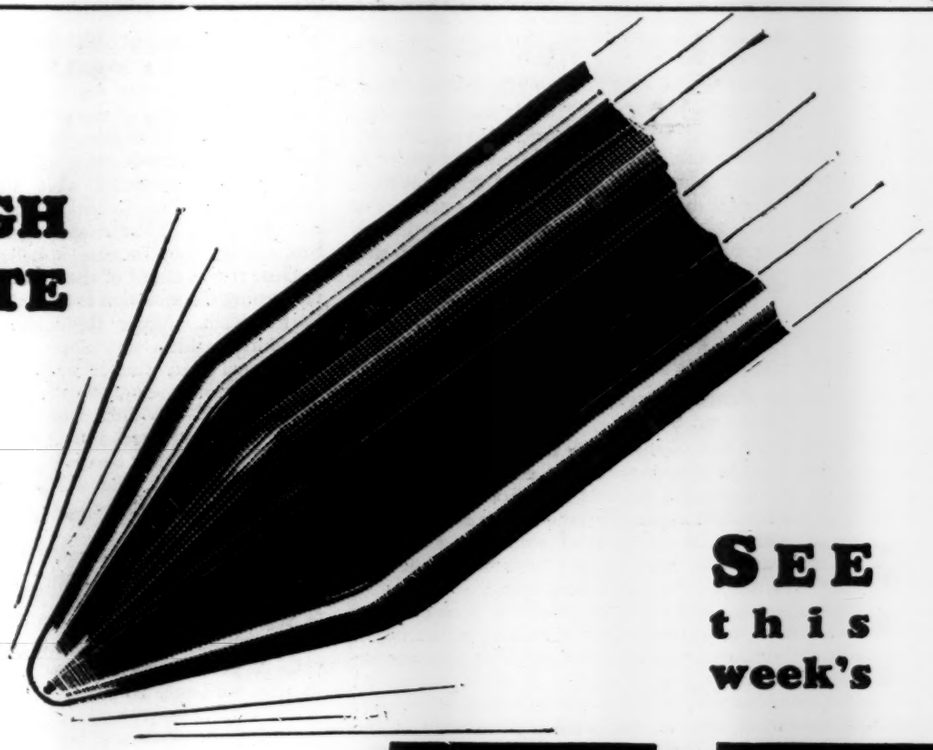
And so on. This is not mere silliness; it is the intoxication of youthful self-importance. And its freshness and gusto have a certain charm. His delight in talking of "Milord Rochester" and "Father Gustave" reminds one of Bloch's equally delighted "sieur de Musset" and "cet immense bonhomme" (Leconte de Lisle). But the odd thing is that Mr. Pound's adolescence appears to have grown on him.

It involves, first, the total disregard of his audience already mentioned—half swank, half incapacity to get outside himself. In this book, essays supposed to be aimed at the "general reader" are full of remarks which could only be interesting if you knew the subject, and then wouldn't. Then, the blind spots he is so intensely proud of are not spots but continents; we might look in vain today for another critic of repute so blankly unresponsive to so much of the greatest European literature. For instance, all Italian poets after Dante—except d'Annunzio, *Il Nostro Gabriele*—are swept off the map. "Leopardo (*sic*) read, and imitated Shakespeare"—a sentence worthy of any literary *sottisier*. And finally, is self-criticism possible without an audience, imaginary if you like, but distinctly externalised? Mr. Pound is incredibly easy with himself. Translation is a pet subject with him, and Cavalcanti's *Donna mi prega* a pet poem, yet in translating it he has let things pass that a tyro would blush for. Take the last line—*Di star con l'altre tu non ai talento*. Mr Pound makes it

> To stand with other
> Hast thou no desire.

True, he admits "atrocities" in his translation—perhaps that is one of them. But they are, he says, "intentional, and committed with the aim of driving the reader's perception further into the original than it would without them have penetrated." What?

"ENOUGH DYNAMITE TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE HOUSE OF COMMONS"



SEE this week's

TIME & TIDE

THE INDEPENDENT WEEKLY REVIEW • FRIDAY 6d.

whether you like it—or not

Marx has become a force in the modern world which cannot be ignored. More than 160,000,000 people have chosen to plan their lives by his teachings and discoveries. Millions more throughout the world believe that what he had to say is the truth—and they are striving to apply those truths in their own countries. Martin Lawrence Ltd. for seven years have been the official publishers in this country of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and of all the text-books and classics of revolutionary history. Marx was not only a profound and exciting thinker, he was one of the finest polemical writers of the 19th century, as Lenin was the most lucid of the 20th. If you have an interest in the modern world you will read the series of "talks" that Martin Lawrence have arranged to publish in the "New Statesman" every fortnight. To start with, however, you could not do better than write for their latest catalogue. It will be sent post free.

MARTIN LAWRENCE ml LIMITED
33 GREAT JAMES STREET W.C.1

by presenting "*di star con l'altre*" as "to stand with other?"

His essay on Cavalcanti is a soporific. On "Elizabethan Classicists" and "Early Translators of Homer" he is more amusing; that is, he has collected some amusing passages, having sensible ideas on translation and a strong feeling for the fresh and quaint in early "period" verse. The dozen or so pages of selection from Rémy de Gourmont require more excuse. There are a number of poems by Arnaut Daniel, with translations opposite; and there is an essay on the lives of the troubadours, demonstrating that although they lived in the twelfth century they were real people.

K. JOHN

THE GAP IN THE FRONTIER

The Saar and the Franco-German Problem. By B. T. REYNOLDS. *Arnold.* 7s. 6d.

I should like this book to be immediately translated into French and German, and I could almost wish that all Frenchmen and Germans should be compelled to read it. For it is a really remarkable achievement in fair-mindedness—remarkable even for an Englishman adjudicating in the affairs of others—and only the most virile of the Nazis could accuse Major Reynolds of allowing "understanding" to degenerate into tediousness.

With regard to the question of the Saar itself, the book provides an admirable historical background to the conflict which began with Hitlerism triumphant in Berlin, and which is working up to a climax in next January's plebiscite. It is easier to understand the German Front in the Saar if one is first reminded of the days of Rhineland separatism and of M. Rault's presidency of the Governing Commission in the days immediately after the war. And yet Nazi implications that Knox is another Rault become harder to forgive. Whether deliberately or not, Major Reynolds makes only the slightest reference to the growth of a *status quo* party which has become less and less negligible in the last few months; it is easy to over-rate the strength of this *Freiheitsfront*, but it has made striking inroads into the old Centre party, and it is inaccurate to imply that the Governing Commission, in resisting Nazi terrorism, is resisting the unchallenged sentiment of the Saarlanders. People often say if the Nazis can exercise the overwhelming pressure of which we are informed, that can only be possible because they do, as they claim, represent a nation-wide impulse. But it is of the essence of terrorism to usurp the effect of a widespread emotion, in fact to replace it by fear. In pre-revolutionary France, the executive broke down not because police and bureaucrats were afraid, but largely because they believed in new social and political ideas, which were opposed to the principles of the *ancien régime*. In Germany the executive broke down, not because it believed in National Socialism, but because it was afraid of the S.A. men, and it is this fear which the Governing Commission is bound, *ex officio*, to attempt to mitigate in the Saar. Major Reynolds, incidentally, sees the German Revolution with a very clear eye. "Behind the imposing façade of national unity created by Hitler," he writes, "there still exist the same fundamental divisions that were there when he came to power. The only difference is that the battle is now carried on inside the party instead of in the open as before." He is sure a great revolution has occurred, and yet somehow there is nothing to it. Everybody who writes about Germany to-day is in the clutches of this paradox, and even the Communist answer is not complete.

In showing how entangled German and French capital has become in the Saar, it is a pity that Major Reynolds has not used the latest figures available. According to information I received in September, the French hold 70 per cent. of the share capital at both Dillingen and the Halberger Hütte, where he, for instance, gives 60 per cent. at Dillingen in 1929; at Burbach, however, the French hold only 10 per cent. where he suggests a higher figure. With regard to the German repurchase of the coal mines, he makes the statement (see also "The Saar Problem," issued by the Royal Institute of International Affairs) that "Germany was never granted any reduction in her actual Reparation payments in virtue of Article 5 of the Annex to the Peace Treaty, which provides for the crediting to Germany of the value of the ceded mines 'in part payment of the amount due for reparation.'" As a matter of fact, the 1930 Hague Agreements ruled a line under all that, and I met German Front people in the Saar last summer who said they were prepared to negotiate over payment, so that Major Reynolds' assertion that "any German to whom one talks blandly assumes that there can be nothing to pay under this heading" surprised me a little, though I agree that Neurath's speech in September pretty well refused payment, while hard facts at the Reichsbank underlined his words.

Major Reynolds makes admirably clear the military significance of the struggle in the Saar, that gap between the Vosges and the Ardennes by which Blücher advanced in 1813 and Moltke in 1870. It is in his presentation of the tragic conflict between France and Germany that he excels. The book he has written is a little overweighted with the German case because the bad treatment of Germany after the war gave her more of a case. Indeed, Major Reynolds is the first to admit that Englishmen since the war were, as a whole, bound to have a pro-German bias. "We are accustomed to attribute our championship of the beaten enemy at the close of any European war to our sense of fair play," but in fact it is like a French or a German bias, the automatic functioning of self-interest. And it is interesting to see how nearly all of us, who started to wander across post-war Europe with our pro-German bias, are returning, like Major Reynolds, with the conviction that we have more in common with the French than with the Germans, and that the French are the least militarist of the peoples we encounter. Does this mean merely that we now feel France to be weaker than Germany, or does it mean something more?

Major Reynolds reminds us once again of the tragic consequences of our own objection to the Geneva Protocol. It was the American bankers who gave the *coup de grâce* to the plan worked out by Briand and Stresemann at Thoiry by which the Saar was to be peacefully restored to Germany. And so, he pleads, it is not only these tiresome Frenchmen and Germans who are to blame; for the Anglo-Saxons set up a League of Nations, told France and Germany to do as it told them, and then proceeded to paralyse the system they had praised. Major Reynolds is depressed, but not hopeless, about the future; "just as in war," he concludes his book, "skilful generalship or dogged determination may often turn defeat into victory by seizing the fleeting opportunity, so now the occasion might at any moment be offered and seized on by the waiting forces of peace and reason, that would lead to the way out of the existing impasse and on towards the more hopeful road of international co-operation."

E. W.

Sedition Bill

To-night—Friday the 2nd—you must read the pamphlet—THE SEDITION BILL EXPLAINED—so that you may more closely follow the reports of the debate in the House of Commons and know more about the significance of the Bill before it goes to the House of Lords.

Go to the nearest bookstall on your way home and buy the pamphlet. It costs sixpence and is written by W. IVOR JENNINGS, M.A., LL.D., Barrister-at-law, with a preface by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

"An admirable piece of critical exposition"—*Manchester Guardian.*"

If you have any difficulty in obtaining it send Sixpence to the Publisher,

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL

SOVIET RUSSIA FIGHTS CRIME

By LENKA VON KOERBER 9 illust. 10s. 6d. *net*

The author was given free access to the prisons of the U.S.S.R. Her account of them and their occupants makes what is undoubtedly the most remarkable book about Soviet Russia yet published.

SOLDIER IN SCIENCE

By BAILEY K. ASHFORD. Illust. 12s. 6d. *net*

This fascinating autobiography of one of the outstanding medical figures of our time is a thrilling story of battles against disease in the tropics and man-made death in the World War.

CALLING ALL COUNTRIES

By GEOFFREY WEST. 6s. *net*

A book for those who are disgusted by the shams and evasions of current social and political thought—a brilliant analysis of post-war events and problems.

MIDDLETON MURRAY says: "It has a splendid honesty and is a very real and valuable contribution to modern awareness."

ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF PROGRESS

By R. GLENDAY. 12s. 6d. *net*

A masterly survey of the present economic situation and how it effects every phase of modern life The changes imminent in British industry are boldly outlined.

YOUNG MAN'S MONEY

By R. McNAIR WILSON. 3s. 6d. *net*

A brilliant and stimulating study of banking and financial affairs during the last ten years.

DISARMAMENT DEADLOCK

By J. W. WHEELER-BENNETT. 15s. *net*

Explains matters of vital interest in a world trying to escape from the menace of a possible war.

HISTORY OF CLASSICAL GREEK LITERATURE

By T. A SINCLAIR. 12s. 6d. *net*

A detailed survey which presents Greek literature from Homer to Aristotle against its own background with its own traditions and forms.

John Murray

This week are published two successors to famous books

WALTER STARKIE'S

successor to "RAGGLE-TAGGLE"

SPANISH RAGGLE-TAGGLE

Professor Starkie again goes vagabonding with his fiddle among the gypsies—this time in Spain.

¶ FRONTISPIECE BY ARTHUR RACKHAM 10/6 net

and

DOROTHY WHIPPLE'S

successor to "GREENBANKS"

THEY KNEW Mr. KNIGHT

J. B. PRIESTLEY:—"A grand novel. Real people, real humour and pathos, and a fine sense of life. It ought to be a big success."

WINIFRED HOLTBY in the DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Mrs. Whipple's expert performance. It has charm, sense and friendliness."

NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN:—"A great advance of 'Greenbanks,' fine as that novel was. This is fuller and richer."

¶ RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK SOCIETY 7/6 net

50 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1.

MR. BROWN'S CIRCUS

Master Sanguine. By IVOR BROWN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

In *Candide* no particular set of fools is pilloried more than another, so the reader succumbs without misgiving to the ease and wit of Voltaire's invention, only to find his complacency wounded in the end. He belongs to mankind, and the general folly of mankind has been neatly spitted by the satirist. Unlike its model, Mr. Brown's book hurts nobody's self-esteem. Leaving out of account the industrial horrors and daily fatuousness of our world, he takes up the whip rather than the rapier and teaches extremists to dance for our amusement. He makes an excellent ring-master. Some of the clowns in the circus are familiar: for instance, the university which preserves the lecture system in defiance of the invention of printing, just as it clings to its mediaeval ignorance of drains. Our hero Sanguine is saved from the brutal life of a rowing man at Chastity College by the wits of his friend Stephen Grub, but he soon gets into trouble for putting modernist theory to the test with the ungrateful Miss Flout. Sanguine always believed what he was told. Chastity College disgorged him into the arms of his parents, who were too busy lecturing on the Infant Libido and maternal technique to take much interest in their offspring. They dispatch him to see the world. Exhausting himself with an orgy of cathedrals, Sanguine casts his diaries at the feet of a kindly American matron, takes her advice and goes to Cerulea, a country despised by Baedeker, where he learns the ropes of national economy. A Casino is being organised in the capital to extract money from British and American idlers in order that the British loan may be paid and that the Ceruleans may buy American foodstuffs instead of eating their own, which are exported to Britain. There are some other quaint turns in Mr. Brown's circus. In the infant school of Dr. Junck-Vorwarts, where Sanguine spent his early days, authority was careful not to frustrate the jam-ward instincts of its charges (leaving them to be frustrated by the thieving of the strongest infants) and to protect them from the repressive horrors of education. Dr. Junck-Vorwarts turns up again later in the story as leader of a Viridian nudist colony, which Sanguine is constrained to join because robbers have left him with nothing but a shirt. The colony is raided by angry Viridians who consider a recent No-trousers sect even more deadly politically than the Christian anarchists who are shirtless, and still more deadly than the sect which wears blue shirts. Sanguine escapes from prison to join the Foreign Legion, expecting to fight for Viridia's claim to a stinking morass against the neighbouring country of Cerulea. The foreign legion intends otherwise. It consists of actors and camera men, managed by Stephen Grub, who is hoping to produce a war film featuring real agonies. Sanguine gets into trouble again, but all ends happily with a runaway marriage and much clicking of cameras. To have suggested that the film industry actually fomented the imaginary war was a step farther than Mr. Brown would go. This is consummate Christmas fooling with blunt weapons.

O. M.

The Acme of Efficiency, Economy and Beauty

VITREOSIL

(Pure Fused Quartz or Silica)

BOWLS

FOR GAS OR ELECTRIC LIGHT

Vitreosil Lighting Ware is unique in combining rare decorative quality, perfect glare-diffusing properties and complete insensibility to heat, flames and sudden changes of temperature.

ABSOLUTELY HEAT-PROOF

Illustrated above is Vitreosil Octagonal Reflector Bowl GL8/126, 12½ ins. diameter. Price (Bowl only) 23/6 Obtainable from Gas Companies Ironmongers Electricians, etc

British-made by

THE THERMAL SYNDICATE LTD.

VITREOSIL WORKS, WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.

LONDON DEPOT · THERMAL HOUSE, OLD PYE ST., S.W.1

M. HERRIOT'S VISIT TO RUSSIA

Eastward from Paris. By EDOUARD HERRIOT. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

This volume describes M. Herriot's visit to Russia in July, 1933. He proceeded there by way of the Balkans and Turkey, staying long enough to catch a glimpse of the leading personalities (and other historical monuments) in each country. The result is a book that is as charming as it is superficial. M. Herriot's expansive friendliness embraces almost everything that he saw. He is enthusiastic about Bulgarian peasant democracy, the greatness of Mustapha Kemal, the noble ideals of M. Muchanov, who explained to him that Bulgaria was a democracy founded upon the principles of 1789, and Mme. Bakalachievo who is so nobly preserving the house in Plovdiv where Lamartine lived. He has a nice taste in views, flowers, and receptions. He is full of oddments of historical information and most of the appropriate literary quotations. The existence of French influence here and there excites his pleasure, though, mostly, it is a little curious that an enthusiast for the *école unique* should be moved so much by French religious foundations abroad.

His account of his Russian experiences does not add anything to our knowledge. He saw all the right things, and indulges in all the right reflections. He is emphatic, that is to say, that the Russian experiment is of great importance, but he nowhere seeks to examine in what exactly its importance consists. It seems to arouse in him rather less enthusiasm than that of Turkey, which, curiously enough, he treats as though it were a democratic republic. It is difficult not to feel that this was, in fact, a statesman's tour, intended to extend his country's influence abroad, from the narrative of which M. Herriot has excluded any observations which might give serious point to his tale.

One can see, indeed, from his book that M. Herriot is a man whom it is impossible not to like. He is cultivated, easily pleased, of a happy equability of temper, eager to find terms of accommodation with all men and all things. In a period where nothing was required from men in politics but charm and good will he would make an admirable ambassador for his country. But in an epoch of critical transition, where what is required is incisiveness and the clear grasp of principle, this amiable eclecticism is at no point helpful as an index to what the phenomena mean that he is surveying.

H. J. L.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Bleak Age. By J. L. HAMMOND and BARBARA HAMMOND. *Longmans.* 3s. 6d.

This little volume in the "Swan Library" is based on Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's *The Age of the Chartists*, which was published in 1930, the sequel to their masterly series of studies of the Industrial Revolution. It includes, in a revised form, the chapters from that book "which seemed to have a special bearing on our modern problem." This problem is the use of leisure. In early Victorian days, leisure was the privilege of the few; the lot of the masses was eating, drinking, sleeping and working. Now we have changed all that. But we are not yet free of the old traditions, and we have made little advance in the urgent task of educating all classes for the right use of the amenities that are open to them. As Mr. and Mrs. Hammond put it in their preface, "we treat as if they were still merely the servants of profit-making industry the mass of boys and girls between fourteen and eighteen who are to be the guardians of our culture." We behave, in fact, as if we were still in the state of mind of the rulers of the age of the Chartists. What

By the late
SIR CHARLES
WALSTON

Greek Sculpture and Modern Art
With 78 plates. 15s. net.

Essays on the Art of Pheidias
With 41 illustrations. 42s. net.

Alcamenes
and the Establishment of the Classical Type in Greek Art
With 208 illustrations. 30s. net.

Notes on Greek Sculpture
I. THE CONSTANTINOPLE PENTATHLETE AND EARLY ATHLETE STATUE.
II. A MARBLE DRAPED FEMALE FIGURE IN BURLINGTON HOUSE.
With 26 illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.

The English-Speaking Brotherhood and the League of Nations
6s. net.

Aristodemocracy
From the Great War back to Moses, Christ and Plato
(John Murray cheap edition. 4s. 6d. net.)

Harmonism and Conscious Evolution
(John Murray. 21s. net.)

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

JARROLDS

are privileged to announce publication **To-day** *of*

FRANZ WERFEL's

greatest novel

THE FORTY DAYS

The Publishers believe that THE FORTY DAYS will achieve lasting fame. Homeric in scale and treatment, it challenges comparison with Tolstoy's WAR & PEACE and Zola's THE DOWNFALL. Its theme is the extirpation of the Armenians by the Turks in 1915 and 1916. Werfel's genius has at length found real scope in this epic story of the incredible fate of a nation. Demy 8vo 656 pages 10/6

The Author of SUNSET SONG (7th Imp.) & CLOUD HOWE (6th Thous.)

LEWIS GRASSIC GIBBON

gives us another brilliant story in

GREY GRANITE

which, although a complete novel in itself, is the third volume of his famous Scottish trilogy. 7/6

Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY's

witty and amusing fantasy

THE STRANGER OF THE ULYSSES

What would Hannibal and Napoleon have said about the Great War? And what would have been the opinions of Horace, Virgil, and Augustus about the great Rotherbrook dynasty? 5/- net

JARROLDS
Publishers London Ltd

that state of mind was—and the injustice and the misery, the ugliness and the bitterness, that it produced—is the theme of this brilliant little book.

Treatise on Right and Wrong. By H. L. MENCKEN. *Kegan Paul.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Mencken is a ruthless, Voltairean exposer of the more distressing aspects of the American scene. He now comes to us an amateur philosopher with a rambling but lively history of morality from Pithecanthropus to Hoover. In the course of his story of the origin and evolution of morality he reveals a prodigious amount of reading, philosophical, anthropological and historical, not all of it perfectly digested. He sees clearly, however, that right and wrong are social matters to be reasonably considered in the light of social needs and changes, and that no known religion or culture can claim to have invented that universal code that condemns murder, theft, adultery, and false witness as anti-social. He points out, with a violence reminiscent of Victorian "Rationalism," how gravely religious sanctions and taboos have distorted morality and how heavily Calvin, through his moron successors, still presses upon American opinion. Ethically Mr. Mencken's heart is generally in the right place, though it is disconcerting to find him writing bitterly of State expenditure on social service. The book throughout is readable and entertaining, but it improves greatly towards the end when Mr. Mencken leaves his authorities and facing the world he has studied for himself lashes out at its follies.

Good Days. By NEVILLE CARDUS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Fight for the Ashes, 1934. By JACK HOBBS. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Cardus is the author of many excellent books on cricket, and his reputation as an authority on the game is enhanced by his present volume. Many of these essays have already appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*. They have been gathered together, and he has included with them descriptions of the last series of Test matches. An analysis of a match is so often little more than a statistical report that it is a delight to feel that Mr. Cardus is fully aware that the psychology of the players is as important a factor in determining the result as it is a necessary adjunct for the proper appreciation of a described game. His best essays here are, undoubtedly, those that are concerned with individual players. Particularly readable in their knowledge and understanding of human character are those on Bradman, Constantine, and The Umpire. The descriptions of the Test matches may be compared in a most interesting way by readers of both these books.

Mr. Hobbs' book is a history of the recent Australian tour. He includes every match played by the team in 1934. As might have been expected, he approaches his task in a purely professional manner. He is concerned much more with the course of each game from a technical point of view than is Mr. Cardus; and he provides from time to time a commentary on the run of the play which should be extremely valuable to all enthusiasts from the Selectors downwards. The book is illustrated and there are many important diagrams.

The Modernist Movement in the Roman Church. By A. R. VIDLER. *Cambridge University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a useful history of the movement associated in France with the names of Loisy and Houtin, in England with those of Tyrrell and von Hügel. Fr. Vidler is fair to the modernists, and writes quietly about authority's efforts to suppress them. He is not always as full as might be; one misses such names as Duggan and Carson, and to call the career of Alfred Fawkes unique is to forget A. W. Hutton and W. E. Addis, or to underestimate the part played in modernism by the historians and ecclesiastical critics. Fr. Vidler is, however, right in claiming that no other book covers the ground as well or as succinctly as his; and he is valuable in his statement of the methods by which modern Catholic scholars, especially in Germany, contrive to minimise the more bigoted Papal decrees.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERVICE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

¶ THE International Service of THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS is carried on in Europe: in Geneva, in France, Germany, Austria and other countries; in the Near East, in India and China and in parts of Africa.

¶ This Service is suffering severely by heavy loss on Exchange, and also by the serious financial depression in the United States reducing the share borne by American Friends.

£6,000

per annum, in addition to normal income, is needed to meet these losses and to maintain the Service at its present level.

¶ Appeal is made to all those who value the work of the Quakers to help them to meet this situation. The urgent need for the "Friendly Service" in an age of wide spread suffering and confusion cannot be doubted.

Contributions should be sent to the Secretary of the FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL, FRIENDS HOUSE, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1.

Contributions covenanted for seven years secure return of Income Tax thereon in addition.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

SOME CLASSICAL RECORDINGS

I AM glad, for more than one reason, that Sir Thomas Beecham and the L.P.O. have recorded Bizet's *Fair Maid of Perth* Suite. This is the type of music that is usually dismissed, rather patronisingly, in this country as light music and is lucky if it gets an under rehearsed performance or two in the provinces. The care and devotion with which Sir Thomas Beecham has treated even this minor work of Bizet (for charming though it is, it cannot be considered the equal of the better-known *L'Arlésienne*) should persuade some of our over-earnest music-lovers that the composer is more than a happy purveyor of the picturesque.

In France, Bizet is rightly regarded as a "classical" composer, an attitude which may seem surprising to the average English musician who is all too apt to reserve the word classical for works of a certain scale and texture, regardless of the spirit which informs them. (Thus if an English conductor were to be asked to produce a "classical" programme he would be far more likely to include a symphony by Schumann or Brahms than a suite by Bizet or Chabrier, thus exhibiting an astonishing confusion of thought). Because Bizet's melodies have a physical geniality of style and, at times, a certain obviousness of cadence, he is often looked on as rather a vulgar composer.

Physical vulgarity or, as I prefer to put it, geniality in music, is by no means incompatible with the classical spirit—it is to be found (allowing, of course, for the refining patina of time) in the symphonies of Haydn for example. But it has no contact with the spiritual vulgarity of composers like Scriabin and Strauss, the portentous vulgarity of intellectual texture of which we were given so ample a demonstration at this week's B.B.C. concert. If Bizet is obvious, then he is so in the way that a Provençal landscape is obvious. Everything is sunlit and defined, there is no atmosphere of storm and stress, no avocation of the unknown such as we feel on the coasts of Ireland, yet the impression is surely one of a curious profundity. Although the *Fair Maid of Perth* has a Nordic title, it is essentially French and even Mediterranean in spirit.

The end of the Gypsy Dance may be "theatre" of the conventional order, but the quiet opening on flute and harp is worthy to be set beside the finest things of its kind, notably the pavane and sicilienne of Fauré and the middle section of the Carillon movement in Bizet's *L'Arlésienne*. One is reminded of the dance of the gypsies in the middle of the party scene in *South Wind*.

I may seem to be overstating my case particularly in reference to what is I admit only a minor work of Bizet's, but if I have persuaded one person to look at this music afresh, instead of dismissing it as "pier-music," then I shall be satisfied. In any case the playing and recording are of a quite exceptional quality. (Columbia, two 12in. LX 317–318).

* * *

The Mozart G Minor Quintet also raises problems of classicism, this time of a more subtle kind. The point would hardly be worth raising were it not that the admirable new records made of this work by the Pro Arte Quartet with Alfred Hobday as 2nd Viola (H.M.V., DB 2173–6 in album) are accompanied by a descriptive pamphlet rather in the manner of Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt. That is to say, the course of the movements is treated as a dramatic sequence and the final rondo is considered as a "silver lining,"

JUST OUT

NEW LIVES FOR OLD

HOW TO CURE THE INCURABLE

By J. ELLIS BARKER

Author of "The Miracles of Healing," etc.

7s. 6d. net

From the Introduction by

SIR HERBERT BARKER

"The evidence which Mr. Ellis Barker adduces in order to show that few diseases are incurable, that even the apparently most intractable maladies can be treated and cured is so overwhelming that one is irresistibly imbued with the enthusiasm and conviction which carry the author through chapter after chapter of his amazing work."

THE MEDICAL TIMES:—

"We have read every word of this book with great interest. It is a veritable revelation, and a powerful testimony to the value of correct diet and wisely chosen remedies."

THE DAILY MIRROR:—

"Thoroughly sane. It should be read with an open mind by everyone over forty."

THE ABERDEEN PRESS:—

"A remarkable amount of wise advice which should certainly lessen human suffering."

JOHN MURRAY : LONDON : W.1

Out To-day 10/6 *net*

FOREVER WANDERING

New travel impressions

by *Ethel Mannin*

NINE AGAINST the UNKNOWN

A Record of Geographical Exploration

by *LEWIS GRASSIC GIBBON & J. LESLIE MITCHELL*

Fascinating studies, linked together on a central theme, of nine of the great explorers who achieved the greater measure of man's conquest of the earth. *Maps. Illus. 18/-*

THE LAST STRONGHOLDS

by *COL. P. T. ETHERTON*

(Hon. Sec. of the Houston-Mt. Everest Flight).

Foreword by **HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF NEPAL**

Sport and adventures across the roof of the World—the Himalayas and beyond—and stories of the strange peoples who live there. *64 Illus. 18/-*

INDISCREET TRAVELS EAST

by *R. V. C. BODLEY*

Experiences in Borneo, the Indies, China and Japan. There are many amusing anecdotes connected with diplomatic life in the Far East. *Illus. 18/- net*

Thirty Years with the Philippine

HEAD-HUNTERS

by *SAMUEL E. KANE*

Chapters on head-hunting: trial marriage: and the rites, manners and customs of the Filipinos between birth and death. *Illus. 18/-*

JARROLDS

Publishers London Ltd

a triumph over the doubts of the preceding movements. Now this sort of "reading from left to right" is all very well when criticising a work by Beethoven, for we know with reasonable certainty that his mind worked in that way. But we know with absolute certainty that Mozart's did not. We have it on his own authority that he conceived a composition in one moment of time, and therefore the final rondo is to be considered, not as a final state of mind but as one element in the emotional statement of the work taken as a whole. The G Minor Quintet is a tragic work, but its disillusion is of a type both more classical and more "modern" than the romantic gloom of Beethoven. Not only is there a classical poise, an avoidance of over-statement, there is also (at least to me) an almost Baudelairean disillusion, an expression in music of "Regardez, après tout, c'est une pauvre terre." There is at no moment the self-conscious heroics of the Romantic school.

Actually the Pro Arte Quartet seem to disagree with the writer of the pamphlet even more than I do, for if their extremely polished performance errs at all, it is on the side of classicism and understatement. Usually I prefer their records to those of the Léner quartet, but in this case I doubt if their performance is as profound as that made by the Léner quartet for Columbia some years ago. The Pro Arte's crisp and rather dry playing suggests an early Mozart score with oboes and horns, whereas the Léner's more warm and suave playing suggests a later Mozart score in which clarinets are the dominant colour in the wind department. This is a purely personal reaction and no doubt many will prefer the crisper and less emotional reading of the Pro Arte Quartet. Technically speaking, there is nothing to choose between the two.

* * *

Other classical recordings that can be recommended are the Farewell Symphony of Haydn, a sound performance by the L.S.O. under Sir Henry Wood (Columbia, three 12in. LX323–5) and Cortot's playing of the 12 Op. 10 Etudes of Chopin (H.M.V., three 12in. DB 2027–9). These are even better than the records he made of the Preludes. He is particularly successful in the more intimate and less brilliant études, No. 6, for example. This piece has a touch of strangeness even to-day, and it is amusing to see the various suggestions made by nineteenth-century editors as to how the harmony could be made to sound less "forced." It represents for its time the extreme limit to which the normal tonal sense could be distorted without being broken, much as Ravel's Forlane does the same for pre-atonal harmony.

CONSTANT LAMBERT

A new catalogue describing

EMG
HAND-MADE
GRAMOPHONES
and DAVEY RADIO

is now in course of preparation. We invite all who are interested in good music to send us their names for a copy of the 1st Edition.

EMG
Hand-Made Gramophones, Ltd.
11 Grape St. (*behind the Princes Theatre*)
LONDON - - W.C.2
Telephone: Temple Bar 7166

Week-end Competitions

No. 242

Set by V. Sackville-West

We are all aware of shadows in our past. We have all known certain murky moments which we would not readily recall, even to ourselves. You are invited now to recall such moments, not only to yourselves, but publicly and in print. You are invited, in short, to relate in four hundred words of prose the most painful moment you have ever experienced in your life. You are invited to set on record either the worst social solecism you have ever committed as an adult, or the most painful recollection of your childhood; in either case, to set on record the experience you would least readily relate to even your most intimate friends. You may take your choice between your adult or your childish experience. And a further grace must necessarily be extended to you: it will obviously be impossible for the judge of this competition to decide between actual or imaginary experiences. So you can invent if you like, but your invention will have to carry conviction. Invention will have to be so vivid as to persuade the judge that it is actual and true. Therefore it is suggested to competitors that their contribution should represent fact rather than invention. Fact, in this competition, should prove more interesting than fiction. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Nov. 9.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 240

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Marching Song for the Conservative Party, whose idea of marching hitherto has not easily been distinguishable from other people's idea of sitting still.

Report by Sylvia Lynd

Several of the songs that have been sent to me for this competition have been sent to the wrong address and should have gone to Pall Mall Chambers, though Mr. Lester Ralph's spirited lines are, perhaps, a trifle too candid to be welcome there just now.

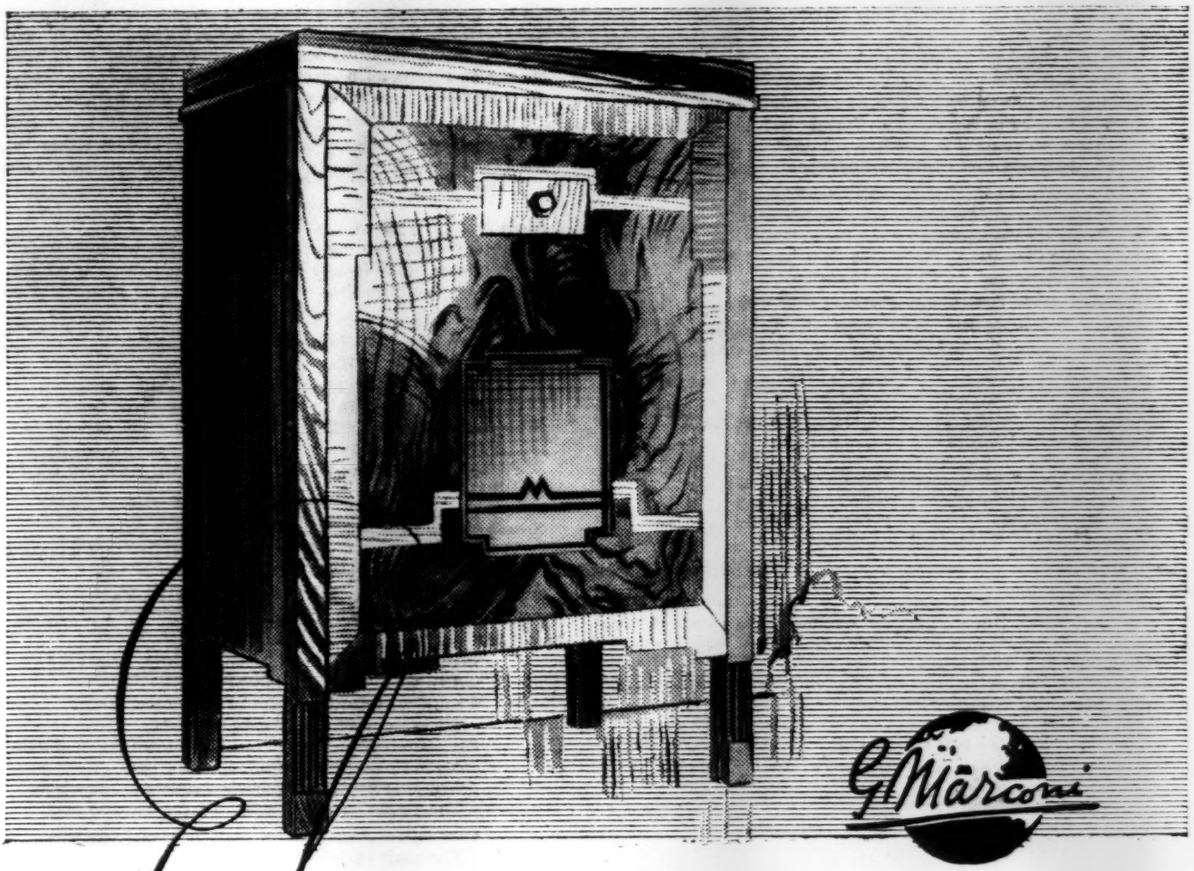
Though there is, perhaps, a catch in the last line, as in that of Mr. Summers's rousing chorus:

> Though lesser breeds may waver
> Unshaken is our will,
> Though others faint, though others fall,
> We shall be standing still.

But sung to good tunes these songs would be found encouraging by any simple-minded Conservative, and I urge their authors to try them on the Conservative and Unionist Association and perhaps win £5 instead of the paltry £2 2s. offered here.

Miss Horsey's verses contain an ingenious idea:

> See the moving staircase
> Still a-moving on
> It is going upward
> We are going down . . .
> Onward, brethren, onward,
> Faithful at the pinch,
> Every muscle straining
> Not to move an inch.



Elegance * * *

and performance

MARCONI Q/286

The very last word in radio engineering, with every technical feature necessary for perfect radio and gramophone entertainment, including 'Quiet' Automatic Volume Control—a new and valuable refinement which eliminates all noise between stations as well as maintaining your programme at constant strength. Tuning is by an illuminated station scale, there is a superb new moving coil speaker, a robust electric motor, latest multiple Marconi valves, etc., while the cabinet is beautifully built from selected walnut. With many thousands of brilliant Columbia and Parlophone recordings to choose from, there is no finer source of entertainment than a radiogramophone. See your local Marconi-man to-day, or write to the address below for full details of this remarkable instrument.

Also available as Model 286 without Q/A.V.C. for D.C. Mains—Price 21 Gns.

A MARCONI 5-VALVE 7-STAGE SUPERHET RADIOGRAMOPHONE 22 *GNS OR A MERE* 5/- *PER WEEK*

These prices do not apply to I.F.S.

MARCONIPHONE

THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, 210 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1

But its ingenuity might strain too much a simple Conservative's understanding.

Patriots call, let the Pound fall,
Up with the tariffs and prices and all!
Bennett's the lad. Who said we're had?
Buy Empire products before they go bad.
March we along, five hundred strong,
Hard-headed Page-Crofters singing this song:

This for our sign: our frontier the Rhine;
Down with the foreigner, keep out his wine!
Planes are the stuff; we can't have enough.
Build up the Police Force, and treat 'em all rough.
Marching along, four hundred strong,
Hard-dying Page-Crofters singing this song:

And so forth. I confess that such sentiments so expressed bring a cheer to my comparatively regenerate lips, as do these of Mr. Upward's:

Our watchword is "Peace"—"Peace with Honour," of course,
And to keep it we've every intention;
But those who want peace must maintain an armed force
Large enough to ensure war's prevention. . .

So a fig for the foeman at home and abroad
Be he Communist, Dago or Nigger!
By our flaunting blue banner he'll be over-awed,
If our fingers aren't far from the trigger.

If this sort of thing can demoralise a 1911 Lib-Lab like myself, what would it not do to pure Tories?

I am still left with a large number of marching songs, each of which has so many good points that it is difficult to put one before another. But I give the first and second prizes to Mr. William Bliss and Xerophyte, respectively, as most completely fulfilling the terms indicated in my phrasing of the request for a song.

FIRST PRIZE

SEMPER EADEM

THE CONSERVATIVES' MARCHING SONG

Air: "'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard"
(*To be sung syllabically, long drawn out*)

FIRST VERSE (*Andante*)

Safe-ty first. Safe-ty first. One step at a time.
Has-ti-ly blown bub-bles burst; hur-ry is a crime.
Ne-ver do a thing to-day; wis-dom comes at night.
All things new are bad for you; what e-ver is is right!

CHORUS (*Ritardando*)

Steady and Slow. Steady and Slow. Stick to your fathers' ways.
Always the same. Always the same. Think of the "Good Old Days"!

SECOND VERSE (*Calando*)

More haste, less speed. Ne-ver risk a fall
This our slo-gan, this our creed: "Best is not to move at all!"
Fol-ly speeds but Wis-dom ling-ers; we are hap-py as we are.
On-ly fools will burn their fing-ers, tink'ring up an an-cient car.

CHORUS (*Rit.*)

Steady and Slow. Steady and Slow. Etc.

THIRD VERSE (*Rallentando*)

Keep it long. Keep it long. No-thing kills like pace.
If you go slow you can't go wrong; the Tor-toise won the race!
Who wants Change? Who wants Change? We'll keep to the old, old track.
We'll hold to the Past; if the clock gets fast we'll put the *big* HAND BACK!

CHORUS (*Rit.*)

Steady and Slow. Steady and Slow. Etc.

WILLIAM BLISS

SECOND PRIZE

A MARCHING SONG

(To be sung to "The Londonderry Air" in the manner of the Dormouse singing in his sleep.)

Shall we awake and march more swiftly, Brothers?
All speed is relative, so we are told . . .
What if we move more slowly than the others,
When we progress sedately as of old?
The clattering brooks fall headlong down the mountain;
A glacier moves more slowly to the sea,
Grinding its stern remorseless course in silence—
The glacier's method is the one for you and me!

They talk of "snails," and sniff, or even snigger—
The snail's a wily mollusc which relies
On personal security; the bigger
His shell, more safely, sleepily he lies.
And *when* he moves, he leaves a trail of glory.
The snail's a genius, in his proper place!
But they've forgotten all their Nature study;
They don't remember that the Tortoise wins the race.

"The race is *never* to the swift," 'tis told us,
Nor yet the battle to the strongest man;
Then let the sleep of dignity enfold us—
Would *you* be classed among the "also ran"?
Be still, and wait . . . you'll win in comfort surely
While weary hares limp home, their strength all done;
The constitution's sound and lasts securely,
Quite unaffected by the opposition's run.

XEROPHYTE

Travellers Cheques

There are many occasions when, for some reason or other, it may not be convenient to go to a bank to draw money for, say, the paying of a hotel bill. It is then that the smaller amounts of the Westminster Bank's Travellers Cheques—more particularly the new £2 cheques—are specially handy, as they make the least demand on hotel cashiers, pursers, stores, etc., for change.

Customers may buy Travellers Cheques for £2, £5, and £10, at any of the Bank's branches for use at home and abroad

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 97.—FIFTH OF NOVEMBER
(By A. G. STRIPP).

At Kadd's Grammar School, Waringtye, fireworks are strictly forbidden. It was therefore more in grief than in anger that the Head Master, Dr. Clowtamharde, interviewed Catesby, Digby, Fawkes, Percy, and Tresham, of the Lower Fourth, with the object of ascertaining who were the perpetrators of a recent nocturnal outrage, in which one boy set off a large Catherine-wheel on the historic Entrance Gateway, another exploded a Mine of Serpents in the Doctor's favourite flower-bed, and a third sent up a Thunderflash Rocket, which, after describing an erratic path, burst with a tremendous report on the window-sill of the Masters' Room.

When questioned by the Doctor (who interviewed them separately in alphabetical order) the boys made the following replies:—

CATESBY: "Percy lighted the Catherine-wheel, Sir, and Fawkes let off the Mine of Serpents. I didn't send up the rocket."

DIGBY: "To make a clean breast of the whole business, Sir, I did let off the Mine of Serpents, but not the Catherine-wheel—that was Tresham. It wasn't Fawkes who sent up the rocket."

FAWKES: "I admit sending up the rocket, Sir; but it was Percy who let off the Mine of Serpents, and Digby who put the light to the Catherine-wheel."

PERCY: "Tresham let off the Mine of Serpents, Sir, and Catesby the Catherine-wheel. Whoever was responsible for the Thunderflash it wasn't Digby."

TRESHAM: "Percy sent up the rocket, Sir. I had nothing to do with the Mine of Serpents; nor had Catesby with the Catherine-wheel."

Prefaces by Bernard Shaw

with woodcut title page by John Farleigh

802 pp. 12s. 6d. net

ST. JOHN ERVINE (*Observer*)

"A monument to a great mind. Every page demands to be read, and defies anyone to skip it. There is more meat in this book than in many a library."

Constable

The Incurable FILIBUSTER

Adventures of Col. Dean Ivan Lamb. Revolutions were his weakness—he fought in 13 of them and lived to tell the tale. If there is considerable grimness about the book, the pages are so enlivened with humour that much of the grimness vanishes 9/6 (*Ready to-day*)

In Extremis

Worst moments in the lives of the famous, by Cyril Butcher. Foreword by BEVERLEY NICHOLS.

(*Ready to-day*) *Illus* 9/6

Count LEO TOLSTOY by Dr. E. J. Dillon Illus 18/- "Splendidly sane" —*Daily Herald*

With the DICTATORS OF FLEET STREET by Russell Stannard Illus 18/-

THROUGH ATLANTIC CLOUDS the history of Atlantic Flight by Clifford Collinson and F. McDermott Illus 18/- Foreword by **Lord Sempill**

UNFORGIVING MINUTES by Rawdon Malet Illus 16/- A book on big game hunting

CAFE ROYAL DAYS by Capt. D. Nicols Pigache "Lively and entertaining"— *Daily Telegraph* Illus 18/-

HOUNDS 16 illusts in colour, over 60 pencil sketches by T. Ivester Lloyd 15/- De Luxe edns 42/- & 25/-

HUTCHINSON

ARNOLD

B. T. REYNOLDS

The Saar and the Franco-German Problem

With Illustrations and Maps. 7s. 6d. net

"Major Reynolds has packed into his excellent and impartial survey much relevant material, and has enlivened it with his own recollections of the Rhineland. When he turns to the larger question of Franco-German relations, he writes with real sympathy and insight."—"The Times."

Hooton Pagnell

The Agricultural Evolution of a Yorkshire Village.

By A. G. RUSTON and DENIS WITNEY. 25s. net

This imposing volume, of equal human and historical interest, embodies a survey of 800 years of cultivation and economic life in the village, illustrated by numerous extracts from Manorial records, and by reproductions from old maps and from the Psalter of the Luterels, one-time Lords of Hooton Pagnell.

Philosophical Studies

By J. McT. E. McTAGGART. Edited by S. V. Keeling 12s. 6d. net

This collection of McTaggart's shorter writings gives in brief compass a clear conspectus of his whole outlook. Dr. Keeling has annotated the papers, and written a long introduction on McTaggart's philosophy.

Ready Nov. 8th

Spenser's Faerie Queene: An Interpretation

By JANET SPENS, D.Litt. 8s. 6d. net

Detailed Prospectuses on Request

MADDOX ST

THE LOOMS ARE SILENT

Maxence Van Der Meersch

The author, a young Frenchman, shows us the suffering entailed—in both camps—by a strike in a textile town. It is a noble and exciting tale, impressive because it tells the truth; memorable in its lack of prejudice.

'A moving tale of courage and humanity' —*Morning Post*

7/6 net

CASSELL

So far from being embarrassed by these conflicting statements. the Doctor was soon able to decide who were the guilty parties; for from his previous experience of the five rascals he knew perfectly well that each one of them could be relied on to make one true statement, and one only, out of three.

Who set light to each of the three fireworks?

PROBLEM 95—TRIANGLE GOLF

We can classify as follows all possible results of the five holes play:

No.	Holes won by *a*	*b*	*c*	Won or lost in £ *a*	*b*	*c*
1	5	0	0	+30	−15	−15
2	4	1	0	+19	−8	−11
3	31	1	0	+13	−5	−8
4	22	1	0	+11	−4	−7
5	3	2	0	+9	—	−9
6	21	2	0	+5	+2	−7
7	3	11	0	+10	−2	−8
8	21	11	0	+6	—	−6
9	111	11	0	+4	+1	−5
10	3	1	1	+10	−5	−5
11	21	1	1	+6	−3	−3
12	111	1	1	+4	−2	−2
13	2	2	1	+2	+2	−4
14	2	11	1	+3	—	−3
15	11	11	1	+1	+1	−2

Now since Slicer loses each day, and each day after the first loses more, while Fluff each day wins only two holes, the following must be the distributions of wins which successively apply:

15, 14, 13, 9, 8, 6, 7, 5,

these being the only distributions which allow Fluff to win two holes.

Now we can consider what happens at each hole:

Day	Distribution	Winners of Holes 1	2	3	4	5
1	11 11 1	*d*	*f*	*d*	*S*	*f*
2	2 11 1	*S*	*f*	*d*	*d*	*f*
3	2 2 1	*f*	*f*	D	*d*	S
4	111 11 0	*d*	*f*	*d*	*f*	*d*
5	21 11 0	*d*	*f*	*d*	*d*	*f*
6	21 2 0	*d*	*f*	*f*	*d*	*d*
7	3 11 0	*f*	*d*	*d*	*d*	*f*
8	3 2 0	*f*	*f*	*d*	*d*	*d*

The data are given above in capital letters. It is at once obvious also that Divot won the 2nd, 3rd and 4th holes on the 7th day, Fluff taking the 1st and 5th, and that Divot won the 1st, 3rd and 5th holes on the 4th day. From this it follows that the hole won seven times by Fluff was the 2nd. The remaining wins can now be readily deduced.

Hence Fluff won the following holes:

1st day .. .. .. *2nd and 5th.*
2nd „ .. .. .. *2nd* „ *5th.*
3rd „ .. .. .. *1st* „ *2nd.*
4th „ .. .. .. *2nd* „ *4th.*
5th „ .. .. .. *2nd* „ *5th.*
6th „ .. .. .. *2nd* „ *3rd.*
7th „ .. .. .. *1st* „ *5th.*
8th „ .. .. .. *1st* „ *2nd.*

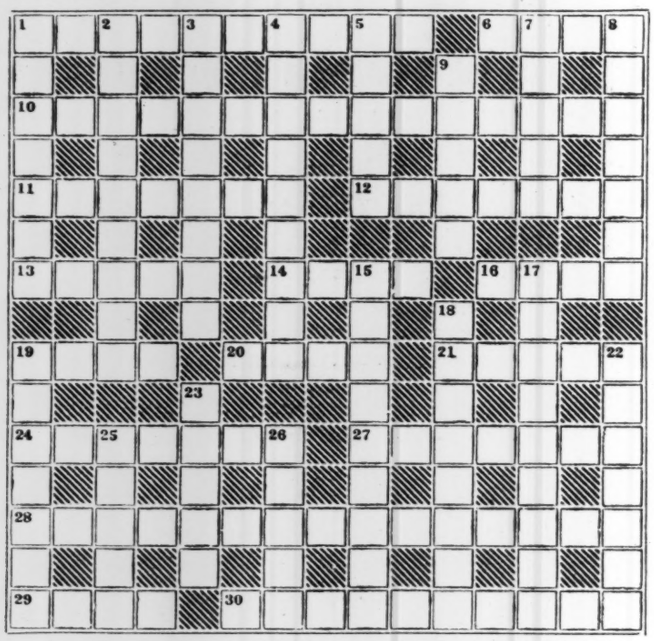
PROBLEM 94.—INTELLIGENCE TEST

A set of Low's Cartoon goes to: P. T. Menzies, 1 Balmoral Place, Halifax, Yorks.

There were 155 correct solutions. *Seven* points are awarded.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 243

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. Hewetson, The Grafton, Esplanade, Bognor Regis

ACROSS.

1. Astronomy for cinema fans.
6. A capital view of Loos.
10. An overdraft?
11. In a huntress this state is found.
12. His brother's opinion of the prodigal son.
13. Almanach or aeroplane.
14. Kind of printing device.
16. Where the robin will soon be sitting, poor thing.
19. Rock on which the harmony is built.
20. A professional looking boat.
21. There's nothing sham about this em.
24. Material for final boxing.
27. A Greek apparition.
28. Recurrent occasion of fire-raising
29. Algebraical beam
30. A little light fingering.

DOWN.

1. Sergeant-Major, Your Majesty, fuming.
2. Tales not necessarily told by an idiot, though he's feeble minded at the end.
3. Charitable betrayal.
4. Probably the earliest aster.
5. First boy's reply to Alice.
7. The sweet thing stands up to rag us.
8. Sort of bunting suitable not for decoration but for 9.
9. Before going to it Antony was "barber'd ten times o'er."
15. As exhausted as the last Test Match.
17. At your service.
18. Makes a great din.
19. Fabulous rabbit's riding horse.
22. Are in the Mint.
23. Monstrous hiding places?
25. Sicilian cousin of the Camorra.
26. The author's made an enemy at last.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

A	B	O	V	E	B	O	A	R	D	■	R	S	V	P
L	■	R	■	V	■	U	■	E	■	I	■	T	■	E
L	E	A	F	L	E	T	■	B	A	N	D	A	N	A
H	■	T	■	■	■	S	■	U	■	G	■	I	■	R
A	L	I	■	O	U	T	O	F	J	O	I	N	T	■
L	■	O	■	P	■	R	■	F	■	O	■	E	■	O
L	I	N	G	E	R	I	E	■	A	D	O	R	E	D
O	■	■	■	N	■	P	■	O	■	T	■	■	■	D
W	H	E	L	M	S	■	F	R	U	I	T	I	O	N
S	■	P	■	I	■	A	■	N	■	M	■	N	■	U
■	L	I	O	N	S	S	H	A	R	E	■	G	U	M
U	■	T	■	D	■	S	■	M	■	■	■	R	■	B
S	C	A	L	E	N	E	■	E	L	E	V	A	T	E
E	■	P	■	D	■	N	■	N	■	L	■	I	■	R
S	O	H	O	■	S	T	A	T	E	M	E	N	T	S

THE HOMELESS, WORKLESS, DESTITUTE

. . . a tragic procession of wanderers tramping from place to place in search of work. It is not labour in vain to help these men, the majority of whom are worthy of your sympathy.

The Church Army has many methods by which it helps these men back to self respect and independence. Will you help us to give greater help? In these hard times income is maintained with difficulty; we have no money for the development so urgently called for. Please help us not only to MAINTAIN, but to EXTEND.

Gifts will be gratefully received by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secy., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

"How hard it is to make an Englishman acknowledge that he is happy."—*THACKERAY.*

However, we try, and what is more, we succeed! As long ago as last Christmas, many of our rooms were taken for this coming Christmas. Evidence enough of the enjoyment our guests take in the plans we make for a real, old-fashioned, merry Yuletide!

BLENHEIM HOTEL
BRIGHTON

There is still some accommodation available, but it is going fast. We think you will have a really happy time here if you come. But please let us know *soon* or we may have to disappoint you—which would in turn disappoint us.

Please send to H. P. PENFOLD, Resident Director, for a Christmas Programme and Tariff.

BUMPUS
NEW PATHS IN BOOK COLLECTING

This Exhibition of new aspects and ideas in book collecting is now open. Among the exhibits are collections of War Books, Detective Stories, Yellow Backs, and Kiplingiana; and there are sections devoted to Book Illustration 1880–1900, Publishers' Bindings, Almanacks, etc. Lord Esher will preside at a formal gathering at the Exhibition on Thursday, November 8th, at 3.30 p.m., and we shall be glad to send invitations to those who wish to attend.

J. & E. BUMPUS, LTD.
BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
350, Oxford Street, London, W.1
Cables: Bumpusbuko, London

BOOKS

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES

PRESIDENT: E. M. FORSTER

SECRETARY: RONALD KIDD

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Vyvyan Adams, M.P.
Major C. R. Attlee, M.P.
Prof. Lascelles Abercrombie
Harrison Barrow
Gerald Barry
Rev. A. D. Belden
Aneurin Bevan, M.P.
Rutland Boughton
Vera Brittain
The Very Rev. The Dean of Canterbury
Prof. G. E. G. Catlin
Prof. G. D. H. Cole
A. J. Cummings
Havelock Ellis
Rt. Hon. Lord Faringdon
Dingle Foot, M.P.
Ruth Fry
Victor Gollancz
Dr. G. P. Gooch
A. P. Herbert
Winifred Holtby
Prof. Julian Huxley
Storm Jameson
Ivor Jennings
C. E. M. Joad
The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Kinnoull
The Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, M.P.
Prof. Harold Laski
Prof. H. Levy
David Low
The Rt. Hon. Lord Marley
Kingsley Martin
G. R. Mitchison
Henry W. Nevinson
Rt. Hon. Lord Parmoor
F. W. Pethick-Lawrence
D. N. Pritt, K.C.
Rt. Hon. Lord Ponsonby
Dr. A. Maude Royden
Bertrand Russell
Evelyn Sharp
Hannen Swaffer
Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard
Prof. R. H. Tawney
H. G. Wells
Rebecca West
Amabel Williams-Ellis

This Council was set up in January last as a permanent non-party body to resist all encroachments on our liberties.

In the face of every conceivable handicap of lack of finance and inadequate offices and staff, it has behind it a record of solid achievement. It has organised independent Vigilance Committees to report on possible provocation and other irregularities at public demonstrations. It has led a nation-wide campaign against the "Sedition" Bill. It has established branches in the chief Provincial centres and throughout the greater London area. It champions vigorously all issues affecting free speech and assembly, investigates cases of alleged victimisation, and supplies free legal aid. Three Court cases are now pending, in which are involved major principles of civil rights.

For this work funds are urgently needed. The Council welcomes as associate-members all who care for the liberty of the subject. The *minimum* subscription is 5*s.* a year. The Council foresees big developments and has set itself the task of raising £1,000 before Christmas.

A MOCK TRIAL ON THE "SEDITION" BILL

will be held at Friends' House, Euston Road, at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, November 6th. LOW (of the *Evening Standard*) will be the Prisoner and leading parts will be taken by Aylmer Vallance, Kingsley Martin, Miles Malleson, and other well-known people. Tickets, price 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, and 1*s.*, from

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES
3, DANSEY PLACE, WARDOUR STREET, W.1
(Gerrard 2337)

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

BILL RATES, THE BANKS AND THE "TIMES"—GILT-EDGED PROSPECTS—FUTURE OF INVESTMENT TRUSTS—OIL

IT is the popular belief that the City Editor of the *Times* walks round the City and interviews from time to time the elect—the Governor of the Bank of England, the chairmen of the joint stock banks, the heads of the discount houses, the partners of the private banks, and even a few stockbrokers. Therefore, whenever a special point of view or an *ex parte* case is argued in the financial columns of that great organ, we naturally ask ourselves what City Nabob has lately been shaking our City Editor by the hand—or pulling his leg, as the case may be. On Friday of last week the *Times* in its City Notes was lamenting the redundancy of bank credit and the unduly low rates for short-term money. By devious paths it arrived at the conclusion that low discount rates, if persisted in long enough, would prove inimical to the public interest because they would lead to the extinction of the discount houses, which the Governor of the Bank had lately described as "an essential cog in the financial machinery of London." So it suggested that the joint stock banks might enter into another "gentlemen's agreement" to maintain higher cash ratios and then raise the discount rate to a figure which would preserve the discount houses without penalising trade. It would be interesting to know whether this remarkable suggestion echoed the views of the discount market or the Governor of the Bank of England. That the country should be subjected to the risks of another banking deflation in order that a City institution should be preserved will not commend itself to the election managers of the National Government parties.

* * *

In point of fact, the leading discount houses are in no danger of extinction. They have long been unable to live on bills: but they make a fine living by dealing in British Government bonds—in direct competition with that other indispensable City institution, the Stock Exchange. If the "essential cog" of the discount market is not being used for its normal purposes at the present time, it is at any rate being kept well oiled. And as for the suggestion that the banks should raise their discount rates because "trade is getting all the benefit that it is likely to derive from cheap money," I would ask the City Editor of the *Times* to consider the beneficial effects of the present fall in bill rates. As soon as the joint stock banks had broken their "gentlemen's agreement" as to rates and had begun to acquire more bills (their second line of cash defence) they considered themselves justified in adding to their investments. In other words, they came into the gilt-edged market and bought British Government funds. Incidentally, the jobbers were caught unprepared for the sudden demand with the result that prices rose more sharply than they might have done. But the immediate effect of the fall in bill rates has been a lowering of the yield on long term bonds in the gilt-edged market, which in turn lowers the cost of borrowing for industry as a whole. True, while the banking gentlemen's agreement lasted, trade was not deriving all the benefit it might from cheap money. But the remedy was to break the agreement: not to make money dear.

* * *

The following table reveals the heights which the gilt-edged market has now reached:

	Present Price.	Gross Yield %. Flat.	Redemption.
Consols, 2½%	82⅝	£3 0 6	—
Locals, 3%	95⅜	3 3 0	—
Conversion, 3½% (1961 or after)	106¼	3 6 0	3 3 3
Funding, 4% (1960–90)	116¼	3 8 9	3 1 3
War Loan, 3½% (1952 or after)	105¼	3 6 3	3 2 0
Consols, 4% (1957 or after)	115¼	3 9 9	3 1 9
Conversion, 5% (1944–64)	119¾	4 3 9	2 13 3
Victory, 4% (average term 28 years)	114¼	3 10 3	3 4 9
Funding, 3% (1959–69)	100	3 0 0	3 0 0
Conversion, 3% (1948–53)	103⅝	2 18 3	2 14 6
Conversion, 2½% (1944–49)	99⅝	2 10 3	2 11 0

Seeing that the supply of credit has for the time being outstripped the demands of trade, there is nothing in theory to prevent a further rise in the gilt-edged market. The joint stock banks will not begin to realise their investments until their advances register a substantial advance, and even then they will probably not be forced to sell securities unless a restrictive policy is being pursued by the Bank. But there are two external factors which may check the rise in the gilt-edged market—threats of war in Europe and the final stabilisation of the dollar. As to the first, we shall breathe more easily when the Saar question is settled: as to the second, we may well see Roosevelt appealing to Middle West opinion by devaluing the dollar up to the limit of 50 per cent. gold and to conservative opinion by saying that this is his last word in currency manipulation. When the dollar is finally stabilised sterling will follow, and the rush of capital to secure a higher interest return in America will begin. But I confess I do not see this happening before 1935—and America may then quickly adjust itself to the rate of interest prevailing in this country.

* * *

A correspondent puts the following conundrum to me:

Let it be supposed that there is a block of investments (of the kind usually held by Trust Companies) of which the market value is £750,000, and that a Trust Company is formed of which the capital is the following:—£250,000 4 per cent. debentures, £300,000 5 per cent. preference, £200,000 ordinary, and suppose that the capital be invested in the securities mentioned above. If we take the market value of established Trust Company securities as a criterion, the market value of the debentures, preference and ordinary stock of this Trust Company will add up to about £850,000 as follows:—

	Market Value.
£250,000 4% debentures to yield 3¾% =	£266,677
£300,000 5% preference to yield 4½% =	£333,333
£200,000 ordinary stock, say	£250,000
	£850,000

In the hands of the Trust Company the income of the investments will be subject to deductions for management charges and directors' fees. Assuming that the value of the advice given by the directors is fairly measured by the fees they receive, why is the capital of the Trust Company worth £100,000 more than the assets which it holds?

* * *

I think the answer is to be found in the high prices (i.e., low yields) which mortgages command to-day. If a first charge is given on a parcel of securities yielding on the average 5½ per cent., the mortgage itself, if it is only 33⅓ per cent. of the market value of the securities, will probably be valued on a 3¾ per cent. yield basis; and the second charge (i.e., the preference shares) on a 4½ per cent. yield basis. But this does not alter the fact, which is probably my correspondent's point, that the equity of the investment trust is over-valued. As interest rates fall and it becomes impossible for the trust company to invest new money safely to cover its load of fixed charges with any substantial margin, the equity earnings shrink and so does the value of the equity stock as an income producer. Has the market in investment trust stocks not forgotten this obvious fact? As most investment trust equities are selling above their break-up values the market appears to be unduly optimistic about future earnings. If the fall in the rate of interest continues, investment trust managements will have to call their preference shareholders together to discuss their future position.

* * *

For the moment a great victory has been won by Mr. Ickes, the Secretary of the Interior and Administrator of the Oil Code, in his fight with the "hot oil" producers. Mr. Ickes has discovered a new plan for enforcing his output restriction orders. He has appointed a "Federal Tender Commission" to enquire into the legality of all crude oil and refined products before granting permits to ship in inter-State commerce. This Commission has instructed the railroads to refuse to accept any inter-State shipments from East Texas, the home of "hot oil" production. The railroads have complied with the Commission's order and Mr. Ickes claims that the flow of "hot oil" has been completely stopped. A number of refineries have shut down pending the Commission's approval of their tenders of oil for transport. Of course, the "hot oil" producers will test in the Courts the legality of the Federal Tender Commission's orders, but for the moment Mr. Ickes has saved the oil situation. Gasoline prices have recovered and the threat to the crude oil price structure has been averted. I do not claim that the American oil industry has yet been stabilised, but the outlook is brighter.

COMPANY MEETING

GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

IMPROVED RESULTS

The annual meeting of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, Ltd., was held on Monday at 142, Wardour Street, London, W.

Mr. Mark Ostrer (the Chairman) said that the net profit for the year ending March 31st, 1934, amounted to £692,214, and the directors recommended a final dividend of 4 per cent., making 7 per cent. for the year, the same as in the previous year. He thought it would be agreed that the result was satisfactory. The Corporation continued to occupy a predominant position in the industry in this country. The building of new theatres and the reconstructing of existing ones were still being prudently developed. Their studios at Shepherd's Bush had continued to be fully employed during the year, and had been responsible for some of the best British films shown. Their pictures now enjoyed an international reputation.

It had been apparent that a further development of the Corporation's activities should be directed towards its export business. With that object in view he, together with other executive officers of the Corporation, had visited the United States of America, which, as a potential market for films, was some three or four times as large as the domestic market. Up to the present the sale of the British product in America had been of no great importance. They had decided to set up their own distributing organisation, and, although they had been established in the United States less than three months, already four of their pictures had played, or were playing, on Broadway with great success, and he expected three or four more to be shown before the end of the year. He was happy in the belief that they would be receiving revenue from America during the next year.

As to the prospects for the current year, they had reason to believe that the results would be considerably better than those for the past twelve months.

Not only were they the largest company in the industry in Europe, but they were probably the most self-contained company in the business throughout the world.

The profits of the Corporation were derived mainly from dividends declared by their subsidiary companies. A complete consolidation, which would bring into the Corporation the whole of the profits earned by these companies, was now under consideration, and the directors hoped to be in a position to place proposals in the near future.

The report was unanimously adopted.

"A Stronghold of Research"

COMPTON MACKENZIE *writes:*

"The back of the mind of every middle-aged man and woman to-day is haunted by the fearful possibility of cancer. The Cancer Hospital requires money, and this money must be found at once that the great work of The Cancer Hospital, both as A STRONGHOLD OF RESEARCH and as A CENTRE OF FREE TREATMENT, may not be imperilled or retarded. If those who have contemplated, even for an instant, the possibility of being one day themselves in the clutch of cancer subscribe to the fund, the present overdraft will become a balance in hand many times as large."

The special work of The Cancer Hospital (free) and of its various Departments entails particularly heavy expenses. The total cost of maintenance is approximately £50,000 per annum. At the present time a large bank overdraft is still outstanding, and it is earnestly hoped that sufficient donations and subscriptions will be forthcoming at an early date to free the Hospital of this burden.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD — LONDON, S.W.3.

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, London, W.C.2

Christmas or New Year Presents

FOLLOWING our practice for four years past, we shall have pleasure in sending, as Christmas or New Year Presents, THE COUNTRYMAN to Subscribers' friends and relatives at home and abroad, for a year, at *Seven and Sixpence each only, post free,* enclosing Donor's Greetings or Compliments, as desired. Thus we offer acceptable Christmas, New Year or Birthday Presents, two for 15s., four for 30s. and so on. Some of our Subscribers use THE COUNTRYMAN for *all* their Presents.

IDBURY KINGHAM OXFORDSHIRE

"THIS GREAT SERVICE THE LIFE-BOATS"

"I appeal," says the Prince of Wales, "to the men and women of our Empire to give generously in support of this great service—the Life-Boats. I appeal not only as President of the Institution, but as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets."

Edward P

One million 5/- are needed every year. What can you afford as your share?

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E. Secretary.

Beasts & Saints by Helen Waddell

CONSTABLE with Woodcuts by ROBERT GIBBINGS 5s net

RESTAURANTS

DO YOU LIKE NOISE WITH YOUR MEALS? If so, don't come to RULES, of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Lunch, Dinner, Late Supper. Licensed till midnight. Estd. 1780. Delicious food at moderate prices.

RED LION RESTAURANT, 1 Red Lion Square, the coolest and most comfortable restaurant in Bloomsbury for a quiet lunch or dinner HOL. 7721

A REFRESHMENT PARLOUR IN ADELPHI. Delightful for afternoon teas, and little theatre dinners at very moderate prices. "THE ROBERT AND JOHN," (the café over Fagin's Kitchen), 10 Adam Street, opposite side entrance to the Tivoli.

CLUB

THE FILM CLUB offers reduced seats at Cinemas. Debates, Lectures, Film Shows to all seriously interested in Films. 5s. a year. Apply SECRETARY, 61 Dartmouth Road, N.W.2.

ART GALLERIES

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB. 85th EXHIBITION. Suffolk-street Galleries. 6½ Suffolk-street. Pall Mall East. Daily, 10-5. 1s.

LITERARY

NEARLY EVERYONE CAN WRITE well enough to get into print. The Premier School's Subject Chart (copyright) indicating hundreds of ideas, and giving many valuable hints, together with Sample Lesson, Prospectus, and details of postal tuition in Article Writing, Story Writing, or Writing for Children, will be sent FREE on Application to the Instructor, Premier School of Journalism, 16 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

BOOKPLATES. Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE, 27 Eastcastle St., London, W.1.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet REGENT INSTITUTE (191a) Palace Gate, W. 8

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

APOLLO. Hyde Park Corner. Wed. & Sat.

CAMBRIDGE. Queer Cargo. Thurs. & Sat.

COMEDY. Hi-Diddle Diddle! Tues. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Eden End. Wed. & Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Line Engaged. W. & S.

GLOBE. Murder in Mayfair. Tues. & Th.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. Theatre Royal. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. Thurs. & Sat.

PICCADILLY. Living Dangerously. W. & S.

QUEEN'S. Moonlight Is Silver. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. As You Desire Me. Th., Sat., 2.40.

ST. JAMES'. The Shining Hour. Wed. & Sat.

S. MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. Tu. & Fr.

SAVOY. Clive of India. Thurs. & Sat.

SHAFTESBURY. Admirals All. Th. & Sat.

W'MINSTER. Youth at the Helm. Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA AND BALLET

MERCURY, Ladbroke Road. Park 1000. Tues., Fri. & Sat. at 9. VAUXHALL GARDENS, 3 operas and ballet, with Frederick Woodhouse, Mabel Ritchie, Geoffrey Dunn. Wed., 8.45, AGNES DE MILLE RECITAL with New Dances. Thurs., 9, BALLET with Markova in Foyer de Danse; also The Planets, Pearl Argyle. Sun., Ballet Club performance.

THEATRES

APOLLO. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
HYDE PARK CORNER by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
GORDON HARKER. J. H. ROBERTS.

CAMBRIDGE. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6056.
QUEER CARGO.
FRANKLIN DYALL. ROBERT HALE.
"Great acting in thrilling play."—*Daily Mail.*

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
Twice Daily at 2.30 & 8.30.
LEW LESLIE'S
BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.
A HARLEM RHAPSODY.

COMEDY. 8.30. Tu., Sat., 2.30. André Charlot presents JUNE, DOUGLAS BYNG, JOHN TILLEY, in the Walker-Nesbitt Revue
"HI-DIDDLE DIDDLE!"

DUCHESS, Tem. 8243. 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
RALPH RICHARDSON, BEATRIX LEHMANN in
EDEN END
"J. B. PRIESTLEY'S TRIUMPH."—*Sunday Times.*

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. Bar 5122.
Evenings 8.30, Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
LINE ENGAGED.
By Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs. at 8.30.
Mats., Tuesdays and Thursdays at 2.30.
FAY COMPTON, EDNA BEST,
IVOR NOVELLO, ZENA DARE,
in **MURDER IN MAYFAIR.**

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Thur., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
"YES, MADAM?"
Vera Pearce, Wylie Watson, Bertha Belmore.

LYRIC. Ger. 3686-7. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST, MADGE TITHERADGE, LAURENCE OLIVIER,
in **THEATRE ROYAL.** Produced by Noel Coward.

PHOENIX. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
TEN MINUTE ALIBI
by Anthony Armstrong. Over 748 Perfs.
"The Biggest Thrill in London."—*Daily Telegraph.*

PICCADILLY. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Ger. 4506.
LIVING DANGEROUSLY.
ISOBEL ELSOM, MARTIN WALKER, GEORGE RELPH.
"Remarkable, Masterly, Magnificent."—*Morning Post.*

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. 8.30. Weds., Sat., 2.30
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE,
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.
in **"MOONLIGHT IS SILVER."**
By Clemence Dane.

ROYALTY. (Gerrard 7331.)
Evenings at 8.40. Matinees, Thurs. & Sat., at 2.40.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in
AS YOU DESIRE ME, by Luigi Pirandello.

ST. JAMES' Whitehall 3903.
Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30
THE SHINING HOUR
with GLADYS COOPER, RAYMOND MASSEY.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. (Now in its 2ND YEAR).
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

SAVOY. Over 325 Perfs. Temple Bar 8888.
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
CLIVE OF INDIA.
A PLAY of YOUTH, ADVENTURE, and ROMANCE.

SHAFTESBURY. 8.30. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
ADMIRALS ALL,
by IAN HAY and STEPHEN KING-HALL,
JACK HOBBS, AUBREY MATHER & CLIVE CURRIE

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283).
YOUTH AT THE HELM.
A new comedy by Hubert Griffith.
Jack MELFORD, O. B. CLARENCE, Vera LENNOX.
NIGHTLY, 8.30. Wed., 6.15 & 9.15. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
1s. 6d. to 7s. inclusive, all bookable.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. Bar 3028.
Evenings 8.30, Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
"DR. MABUSE" (A)
and
Mon., Nov. 5th, Premiere RENE CLAIR'S latest satire,
"LE DERNIER MILLIARDAIRE."

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station)
RAIMU in
the amusing financial satire,
CES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTÉ (A).
Parking facilities. Seats Bookable by 'phone, Ham. 2285.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

WELWYN AND THE ARTS.

NATURALLY a town which is unexcelled for external beauty attracts people interested in all the arts, and generates real artistic vitality. One of the dramatic clubs is, for instance, just producing its own ultra-modern version of a Molière play. Another has roped in Ernst Toller for the first English production of his *Blind Goddess*. For, though only 25 minutes from King's Cross by non-stop trains, Welwyn has a life of its own and is not submerged by London. Houses to let from £45 to £150 per annum. Or for sale from £335 to £2,300. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

TWO adjacent Studios (each 24 × 19), toplit, to be let furnished. Quiet N. London district. Suitable for artists or architects. Living-in. Rent very moderate. Box 619, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FLAT to let, Upper Park Road, N.W.3. First floor, 3 large rooms, kitch., bath. £80. Apply STRACHEY. PRI. 5076.

ADJACENT Selfridge's, attractive furnd. room, divan, cons. h.w., service, 25s. 6d. ROSTAR, 11 Adam St., Portman Sq.

A BED-SITTINGROOM overlooking Regent's Park; large, well-furnished, 'phone, meals as required. 76 Albert Road, Regent's Park.

GARDEN room with kitchen, unfurnished, also others furnished, in quiet, pleasant house. 14s. to 25s. 22 Belsize Ave. Prim. 1043.

W.C.1. To let furnished, small quiet flat, 2 rooms, 30s. 15 Heathcote St. (call before 1 p.m.)

SUNNY bed-sitting room, private house, 15s. incl. Meals if required. 87 Effingham Road, N.8.

CHOBHAM, SURREY. Attractively furnished half-timbered cottage to let for winter. One hour from Waterloo. Seven rooms, bath (h. & c.), three bedrooms, gas, garage. 2½ gns. weekly. LLOYD, 6 Cheyne Gardens, S.W.3. Flaxman 6004.

WHERE TO STAY

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "London Old and New," on application.

ARUNDEL HOTEL, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2. Overlooking Thames and Embankment Gardens. Very quiet. 100 rooms. Modern equipment. Room, Breakfast and Bath from 9s. 6d.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly (one night only 5s. 6d.). With dinner, 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD.; P.R.H.A. LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

9461 PADDINGTON. Good house, good beds and good food. Centre quiet Square; two minutes' walk from Paddington Station. Near buses and tubes; 2d. bus to Selfridges or Oxford Circus. Room, breakfast and hot bath, 6s. 6d. per night. Dinner 2s. 6d. if required. 26 Norfolk Square, London St., W.2.

CHELSEA.—Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with hot and cold water, gas fires and electric light; breakfasts, baths, attendance, from 27s. 6d.; double, 3 guineas, 6s. per night. Dinners optional.—Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 7284.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort; good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed. 'Phone: 61.

WHAT is cheapness? This question may perhaps be answered in several ways, but those of discerning tastes will say that cheapness is NOT necessarily the SMALLEST price. MESSRS. HEMMING AND HEMMING, of 34 Southwick Street, W.2, are still offering a good breakfast and comfortable bed at 6s. for one night, or 11s. two nights. Reduction for longer stays. Baths FREE. H. & C. basins all bedrooms. A penny bus to Selfridges or Bond St. 'Phone: Padd. 2364 and 2365.

PERFECT Winter Climate, famous orchestra, etc. St. Leonards-on-Sea. Try Carlton Private Hotel, in ideal marine position between two piers, amidst sheltered terrace gardens, facing Sea, South and Sunshine. Finest quality food. Expert cuisine. Lowest terms. Write SECRETARY.

BOURNEMOUTH, Walsall House Hotel, West Cliff. Quiet sit., close sea, h. & c. Tel.: 1926. From 3 Gns. p.w.

THE OLD MILL,
West Harnham, SALISBURY.
Large countrified bedrooms with good attendance
13th century Refectory.
A lovely garden and hardly a house in sight.
Bathing and Boating.
Three minutes by car from The Close.
Terms from 3½ guineas a week.

STEEP, Petersfield, small guest house, beautiful district, good cooking. MRS. RIVERS, Stonerdale.

BOURNEMOUTH. Winter apartments with or without attendance and board. Pleasant house. H. and c. Min. sea, trams and shops. LLEWELLYN, 31, Seaward Avenue, W. Southbourne, Bournemouth.

BOARD RESIDENCE: minute sea, sports, central. Good cooking, service. POMEROY, Warwick Road, Worthing, Sussex.

TORQUAY. Howden Court. Quiet central situation. Facing south and sea. Sun lounge, garden. H. and C. A.A. Telephone: 2807.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING.
REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 37 Belmont Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, ETC. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SERVICE BUREAU LIMITED. 6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163/4)

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating artistically carried out by well-educated staff. Personal checking by experts.—Details by post from the SECRETARY, 255 Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

TYPEWRITING. Intelligent work by experienced typist. MSS., Plays, etc. Translations from French. French copying. MISS BREMNER, 20 Regent Street, S.W.1 (Whitehall 7481).

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs: One Year, post free, 30s. Six months, post free, 15s. Three months, post free, 7s. 6d. and should be addressed to The Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.